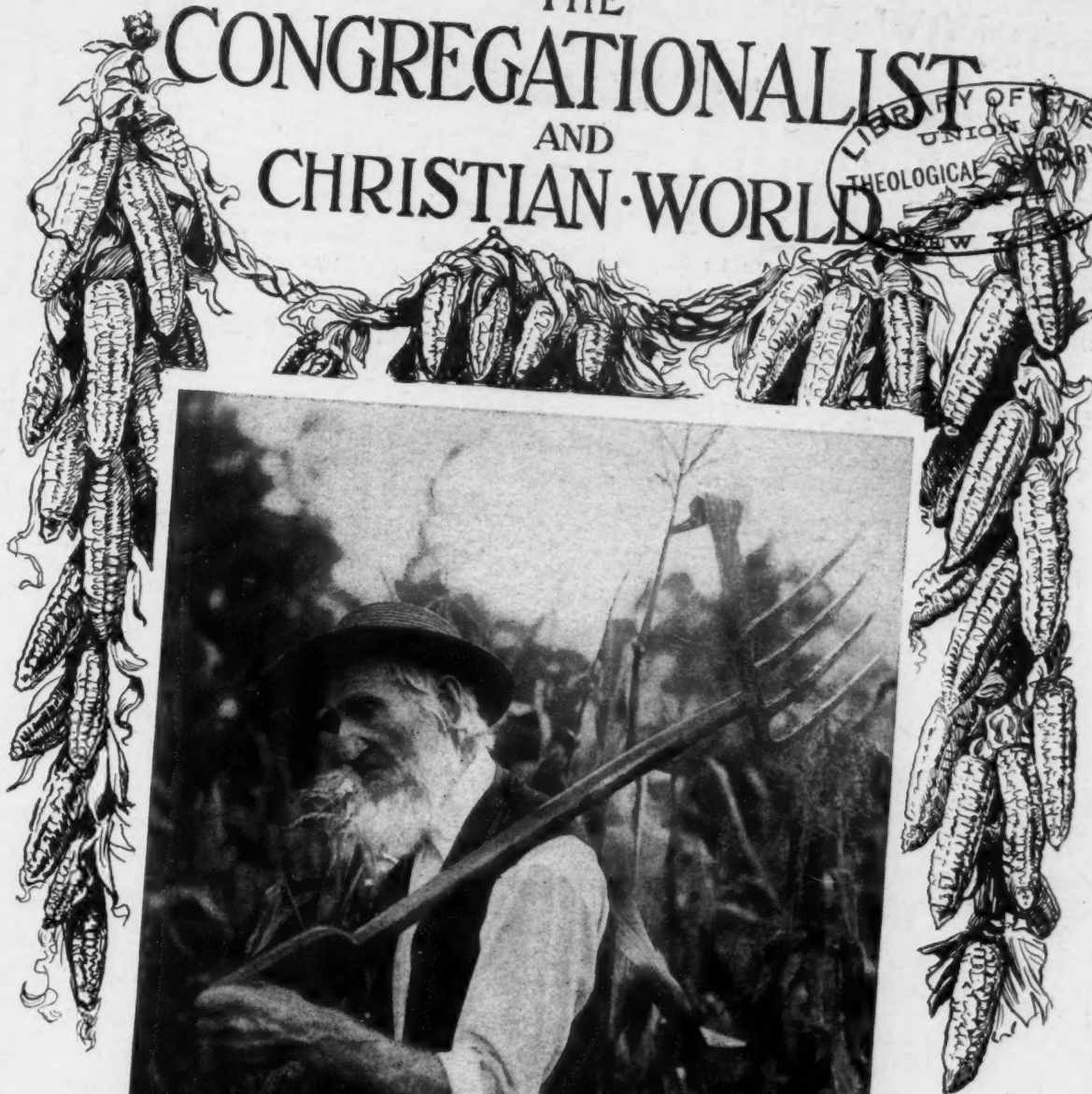


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Volume XCI

24 November 1906

Number 47

NOV 23 1906

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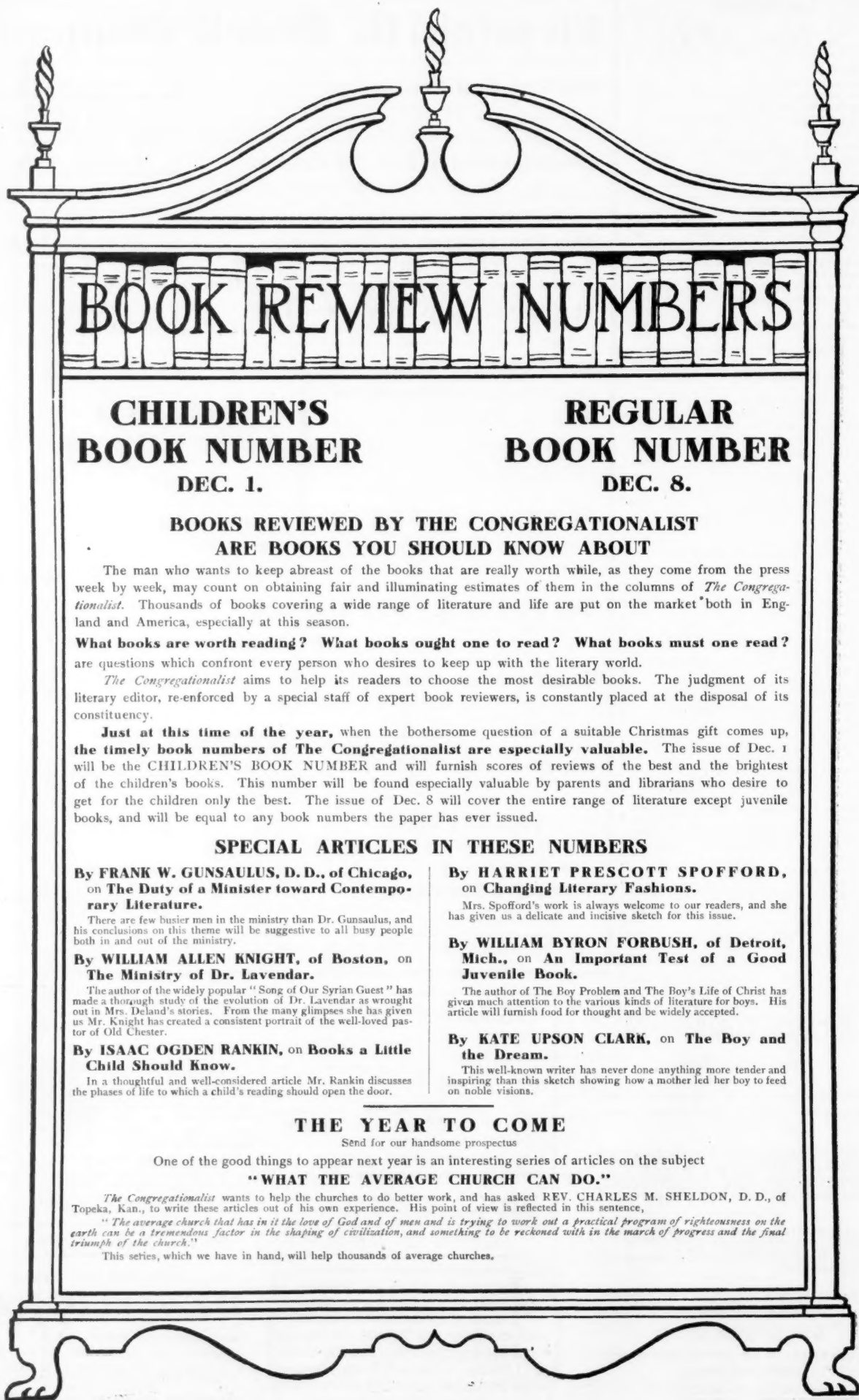
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There are few braver men in the ministry than Dr. Gunsaulus, and his conclusions on this theme will be suggestive to all busy people both in and out of the ministry.

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In a thoughtful and well-considered article Mr. Rankin discusses the phases of life to which a child's reading should open the door.

By **HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD,** on **Changing Literary Fashions.**

Mrs. Spofford's work is always welcome to our readers, and she has given us a delicate and incisive sketch for this issue.

By **WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, of Detroit, Mich.,** on **An Important Test of a Good Juvenile Book.**

The author of *The Boy Problem* and *The Boy's Life of Christ* has given much attention to the various kinds of literature for boys. His article will furnish food for thought and be widely accepted.

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Hero or Coward—Which

(Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer Meeting)

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, Dec. 2-8. Courage or Cowardice—Which? Luke 12: 4, 5; Gal. 1: 9-12; Jer. 1: 6-10, 17.

The heroic quality an essential. The glory of Christianity has always been its appeal to the heroic in man. Had there never been from period to period men and women who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, no monuments would have been built to saints and martyrs, no anniversary days would ever be celebrated. Our young people and children would lack the biographies that tell of those who "stopped the mouths of lions," or "quenched the violence of fires." Indeed Christian faith would never have come down to us at all, and it will never be passed down by us to others unless we, in our turn, rise to the heroic also.

Some things we ought to fear, but Christian heroism is not foolhardiness. We need to do something more than brag or bluster. Indeed we need, as our Master suggests, the element of fear as well as that of daring, and what today should the young Christian most dread? First of all, insensibleness to spiritual impressions. Many things combine to dull our vision of unseen things, to deaden our religious sensibilities. This rich, interesting world presses in upon us at many points. It is not so bad a world after all, we think, in many respects, and yet somehow, unless we take care, even its good things will, little by little, wean us from Christ and Christian things, so let us be prayerful, watchful and purposeful.

Another thing we ought to shun is formality in our Christian life. There is a certain routine to go through, that of churchgoing and service in the Sunday school and in the various

organizations, and unless we are constantly putting our heart into that work, it will steal on us, we shall be rendering perfunctory service. A safeguard against this is to remember that there is no greater heroism than going on faithfully and cheerfully to prosaic duties in the home and church and the community.

Where we need courage. We need the courage of truth seekers and truth lovers. If we believe a certain position is right, or a certain course of conduct the only true one under the circumstances, it is for us to stand by that, even though it may not be the opinion or the purpose of the many; and again we need courage to bear our Christian witness, especially among those who are not the friends of Jesus Christ. Many of us are called by business or other duties to frequent companies where religion is mocked at or ignored. Can we there stand up like men and in a modest but dignified fashion make known our loyalty to Christ? This does not always call for a loud sounding profession of one's faith, but how can we be among non-Christians day after day and not let them know where we stand in the matter of Christian principles and behavior?

Joy of bearing witness for Christ. If any one of us has ever witnessed a good confession before many or before few witnesses, he has experienced a peculiar joy. I recall over the years a scene on a ball field, the day after I had stood up in a young people's meeting and made my first faltering confession of Christ. I recall the taunt of one of my mates, and I shall ever hold in honor another who came to my rescue, though himself not a Christian, and shamed a man who was making fun of me. Little enough of the heroic has entered into the years between, but I would not exchange for gold my memory of the stand I once made as a high school boy, when it really cost me something to raise my flag for Christ.



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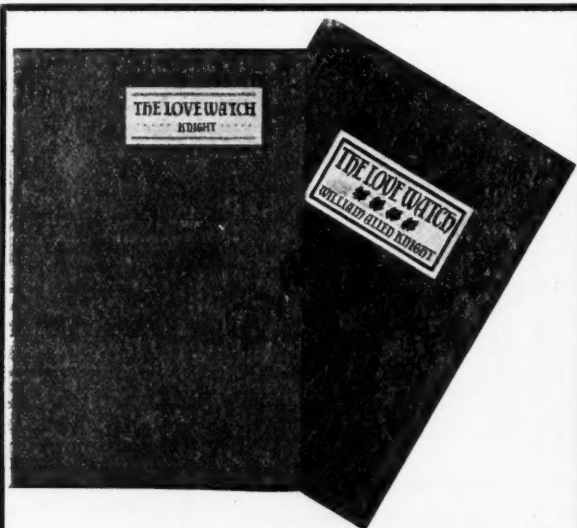
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14 Beacon St., Boston THE PILGRIM PRESS 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago

In and Around Chicago

A Colored Judge

Among the judges chosen last week for the new municipal court was Mr. Barnett, a colored man. Probably those who nominated him expected he would be defeated. His election and the outcry it has caused indicate a widespread and deep-seated prejudice against the Negro, and the fact that so many have expressed the hope that he would refuse to serve makes it further evident that not many white men, friends of the Negro though they claim to be, are willing that he should fill any office which calls for close association with him on their part. Inasmuch as Mr. Barnett is a competent lawyer and fitted by character and acquisitions for the position, it is to be hoped that he will take his place on the bench.

A Blow to Chicago

The decision of the international committee that not more than 10,000 cubic feet per second shall be allowed to flow from the lake into the drainage canal may prove a menace to the health of the city. More than \$41,000,000 have been spent on the canal already. Just as the city is beginning to derive benefit from it comes a decision which makes it necessary to form other plans for additional drainage. The entire Calumet region must be excluded from its use, and perhaps the region on the North Shore. The plea for the decision is that even 10,000 feet a second lowers the lake six inches, and that to lower it more would injure important interests. It has been understood that this vast outlay of money would secure an adequate system of drainage, and that careful examination had shown that even 14,000 feet of water a second would not lower the lake in any such way as to injure any of its interests.

Matters in Zion City

It is now officially reported that Mrs. Jane Dowie and her son Gladstone have accepted the palatial summer residence in Michigan and the estate connected with it as settlement in full of all claims now or hereafter to be made by them against the property of Dr. Dowie or of Zion. Dr. Dowie, it is reported, resisted this settlement because he wishes all creditors to be paid in full. His health remains, so far as one can learn, about the same. Voliva is still the religious head of Zion, but its business affairs are gradually being transferred to men trained in business methods and able to manage them so as to secure profit. Though suffering seriously from the troubles through which it has passed, there is no good reason why this new city should not prosper industrially.

Sad Deaths

The sympathy of the brethren goes out also to Rev. and Mrs. Chandler of Mont Clair, who mourn the death of their only son and child, a promising young man of eighteen. There is deep sympathy also with Rev. Dr. Snyder of Rockford in the sudden death of his wife. Mrs. Snyder was a brilliant woman, very active in the church and greatly loved.

Chicago, Nov. 17. FRANKLIN.

Mr. Makino, Minister of Education in Japan's Cabinet, in a recent speech deprecated the limited number of years (six) which Japanese children are compelled to devote to study as compared with the longer terms of other countries. He is tolerably well satisfied with the system of ethical instruction used in the state schools, but fears that the tendency is to employ teachers who are informed rather than those who are good, i. e., those who are character builders.

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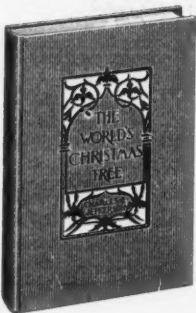
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The Daily Portion

THE HANDBOOK BIBLE READINGS

BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

Nov. 25, Sunday. *Desiring God.*—Psalm 42.

God has made us for himself and without him we cannot be satisfied. At the lowest ebb of feeling our least desire for him is witness of his presence. We must never put ourselves upon the side of doubt in these contests of the soul. For that is turning our back upon the light so that its first returning beams are hidden from us. Alas for him who takes counsel of his own discouragement!

Thou, O God, art our desire and hope, why art Thou so hidden from us and so far from helping us? Leave us not the prey of our discouragements but show us the light of Thy countenance, that we may be glad in Thee and strong to do Thy will.

Nov. 26. *The Married Land.*—Isa. 62: 1-12.

God's joy in his recovered people is like the bridegroom's joy. Beulah Land is the land of God's marriage with his people. Their name, Hephzibah, means "My delight is in her." Both John and Paul apply this figure of marriage to the life of Christ and his people. The new name implies a new relation [Rev. 2: 17].

Nov. 27. *The New Heavens and the New Earth.*—Isa. 65: 17-25; 66: 18-24.

These are in the sphere of man's life not in the physical realm. The fulfillment of Israel's calling insures the redemption of the world. The old enmity shall pass, and the old narrowness. From the nations that bring back the captives of Israel with honor God will take priests and Levites. It is not a violent break but a development. And the end is that all the earth is God's possession.

Nov. 28. *Paul to Titus.*—Titus 1: 1-16.

One of Paul's difficulties was that of finding competent and faithful helpers. Such men as Titus and Timothy were rare, while there were many "Unruly men, vain talkers and deceivers." Note the insistence upon purity of heart as determining spiritual sight and remember that to the pure in heart belongs the vision of God. Paul here conceives of his mission as that of proclamation, which implies conviction that God was active through him so that his word could not fail.

Nov. 29. *Thanksgiving Day.*—Psalm 103.

How honorable and amiable is this character of God. Not the least of the mercies for which we give thanks is that we have emerged from the hateful thought in which the world long lived that the gods are enemies who must be appeased before we can receive a fair hearing. Already to the highest Hebrew thought God was a lover of his people, one who knew their frame and had a Father's care and pity. So this ancient psalm still lives and voices our thanksgiving; and our praise is joined in a great song of all the works of God.

Nov. 30. *Christ's People.*—Titus 2: 1-15.

It is not enough for Christ's people that they believe in good works; they must be zealous of them. They are Christ's own possession and must seek earnestly to be like him. This does not mean noise and advertisement, but the single eye. Sober living is not sour living. Looking for that blessed hope need not be separation from the active life. It is Christ who purifies. If we will come to him he will redeem us from all iniquity. Nothing less than this purity should satisfy a child of God.

Dec. 1. *Maintaining Good Works.*—Titus 3: 1-15.

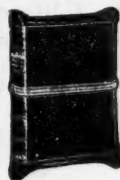
This is another way of putting zeal. We are to have alert minds, both ready and careful toward good opportunities. "To speak evil of no man" is one such opportunity of good works. If that silence seems easy, try it for a day. "To be gentle"—in the long run, that is one of the most effective witnesses for Christ.

When the ox is down, many are the butchers.
—Talmud.

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THE CONGREGATIONALIST

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24 November 1906

and Christian World

Volume XCI
Number 47

Event and Comment

A DEFINITE plan for the removal of Andover Theological Seminary to Cambridge will be placed before the meeting of the alumni in Boston, Dec. 6. The plan, with an explanation of it by one of the trustees of the seminary, is printed on another page. It will be noted that this present movement resulted from a request of the faculty to the trustees, favoring removal to Cambridge, and that the initiative in negotiations with Harvard was taken by the trustees. They have accepted the plan as given, which was prepared in conference with President Eliot of the university, and it may therefore be assumed that the authorities of the seminary and the university, so far as they have expressed themselves, are harmoniously in favor of a workable union of Andover with Harvard. The nub of the proposal is in the relation of the seminary professors to the university, in which they would be given a recognized and dignified standing. Under the conditions named no appointment would be likely to be accepted by any candidate which was not approved by the Harvard authorities, for an Andover professor without appointment to give courses in the university would not be regarded as in full standing in the seminary. The final appointing power would therefore be given to the university authorities. If the plan is adopted, courses in either the Andover or the Harvard divinity school will count for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, so that probably after a time the two schools would become practically one well-furnished institution closely affiliated with Harvard University and under its control. In the matter of scholarship this plan offers largely increased advantages to students of theology. Andover Seminary, however, would become merely Andover Hall.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE of Connecticut, last week, unanimously and with enthusiasm approved the plan of apportioning the missionary gifts among the several societies, apportioning the total needed to the several states to be raised, and in turn apportioning to each church its carefully estimated share of the state budget. This is one of the most important initial steps taken in a long time in our administration of missionary affairs, especially since the resolution commits the conference to the plan and assigns to its missionary committee the duty of carrying it into effect. Of course this cannot be more than a suggestion to the local churches of their probable share in the co-operative work of the denomination, but it will give some basis for an estimate of one's duty, and

such a basis has not existed hitherto. When we aim at something definite, we shall hit nearer the mark than if we do not aim at anything in particular. The adoption of this plan by the Episcopal Church has resulted in a large increase in the number of contributing churches, as well as in the total of gifts. The same has been true from an earlier date in the Reformed Church. Moreover, it is an important step in the direction of giving expression in action to the fellowship of the churches—that first principle of our order, now in danger of becoming a mere abstraction or evanescent dream. If other state bodies will take up the plan in good earnest, and several of them have expressed willingness to do so, it is not too much to hope that Congregationalism will again be placed where it belongs, in the front rank of aggressive religious forces.

THE FIRST PART of the Pilgrim series Advanced Course of Sunday school lessons is just issued by the Pilgrim Press. The series covers the historic period on which the International Lessons for next year are based but is independent of that course. The title of this book is *The Early Days of Israel* and it has been prepared by Prof. Irving F. Wood and Rev. Newton M. Hall. This Advanced Course was submitted to the International Lesson Committee by a committee of the Sunday School Editorial Association with the hope that the Lesson Committee would approve and issue it. That committee declined to do this, and put forth a plan of its own, which so far as we know has not been put to use by any publisher. The *Early Days of Israel* has not only been published for Congregationalists but will be used in the Methodist Episcopal Church South and the Methodist Episcopal Church North and probably by several other denominations. It would seem that the Editorial Association has practically inaugurated an advanced course, which with the *Beginners' Course* and the *International Lessons for the Intermediate Course*, constitute three successive grades of lessons. The Sunday schools which use these lessons will thus enter again with the beginning of next year on the study of a new outline of lessons on the Bible, beginning with Genesis, making the year 1907 a new landmark in the history of Bible study in the modern Sunday school. It was certain that progress would eventually be made toward arranging lessons in different grades, but the patience of those who desired it has been severely taxed in waiting for it, and gratitude is due to the Editorial Association for its persistent efforts to secure a suitable advanced course.

A WEEK which has seen conviction of the New York Central Railroad for illegal rebating, a beginning of the trial of the Sugar Trust for collusion with the New York Central in rebating and unfair commerce, new indictments of the Standard Oil Company and its officials by Ohio grand juries, and formal prosecution of the Standard Oil and its subsidiary companies in the Federal Courts, brought by the Attorney-General, with the intent to dissolve that vast corporation, is a notable week in the history of the country, economically and ethically considered. The directors of the Standard Oil Company inform the stockholders that "the company's position is unassailable from both a legal and a moral standpoint," and they assert that the present organization was formed after "an exhaustive consideration of the legal and business problems involved," and they even venture to say that "everything relating to it has been a matter of public report," and "at every step the utmost care has been observed to conduct the business honestly and fairly." The Attorney-General has quite another story.

THE PUBLIC will agree with the company's directors in saying that it is fortunate "that the controversy should be removed to the judicial atmosphere of the courts . . . where mere allegation must give way to legal proof." Interest in the outcome of this suit will arise from its economic as well as its ethical importance. Many who have little doubt as to the illegality of methods pursued in obtaining control of ninety per cent. of the oil-producing industry, will be skeptical of the ultimate success of the Government in compelling substitution of competition in industry for practical monopoly; but a large majority of citizens are as determined as President Roosevelt that whatever the form of the business may be, it must obey the law and play fair.—Such revelations as the American public has just had about the excessive profits of the Pullman Car Company do not tend to make it any more complaisant with the plea of corporations for a minimum of State control, especially since the Pullman traffic rates continue to be so high.

ERE SAN FRANCISCO rebuilds outwardly she has a more important and difficult task of rebuilding ethically and politically. A combination of political serfdom to a Jewish "boss," one A. Ruef, and economic slavery to organized labor, whose spokesman for several years has been Mayor Schmitz, had produced a state of affairs in the city

Monopolies as Law Breakers

The Verdict Very Important

San Francisco's Shame and Purgings

which called for revolution, and was about to break when the earthquake came. For a time following that tremendous catastrophe the mayor seemingly behaved himself, the "boss" retired to the background, and the nation's altruism had opportunity to give relief. It now turns out that not only were supplies of goods, clothing, etc., which were sent from the East stolen by administrators of the relief funds and converted to personal or retainers' enrichment, but investigation now shows that apparently Mayor Schmitz and other city officials tampered with the United States mails, forged receipts and appropriated cash which was sent. Nor is this all. A Federal Grand Jury has just indicted Mayor Schmitz and "Boss" Ruef for blackmail and graft as far back as 1905 in connection with privileges granted to holders of restaurant licenses. Unfortunately class and racial antagonisms have been aroused to such an extent that it will be more difficult for the reform forces to clean the Augean stables. The present situation, so far from chilling the disposition of Eastern Christians to aid the San Francisco churches, ought to stimulate more generous giving. To purge the city of its grafters and criminals and greedy folk will take energy, time, money and civic consecration that might have gone toward reconstruction of churches. The call now is to defend home and business.

THE BRITISH House of Lords has not had so large an attendance for several years as it is having now in its efforts to amend the Education Bill passed by the House of Commons so as to retain the control of public education by the Anglican Church. Those bishops who are peers because of their official rank in the Church, are leaders in the debates, which are carried on in the presence of spectators crowding the galleries, though some of the speakers cannot be heard distinctly even by members on the floor. The bishops, of whom the Archbishop of Canterbury is the chief spokesman, want the teaching of the doctrines of the Church of England to be made compulsory in the schools. The large majority of the lords support them, some at least without clear ideas of what they are advocating. Lord Londonderry, for example, declared in a recent session that he and his associates demanded in the public schools "religious education of some sort—I care not what." It is no wonder that the discussions crowd the galleries, though the matter is taken with great seriousness by the press and people. If a compromise is not reached practically allowing public control and abolishing religious tests for teachers, probably another parliamentary election is not far off. Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts, who has been studying educational conditions in England during his stay there last summer, lately said that he had reached these two conclusions: that the United States has rightly settled the question of religion in the public schools, and that the English people would also be compelled to eliminate definite religious teaching from common education. The impracticability of discussing this question among us is illustrated by the fact that the present school board of Boston

consists of five members, two Protestants, two Roman Catholics and a Jew. Their work during the last year—the first year of the reorganized board—has led to gratifying progress in the schools of the city.

AT A TIME when a social philosophy gains disciples which challenges the present structure of the family and at a time when marital scandals in circles of the rich and desertions in the ranks of the poor multiply, it is inspiring to read of a gathering of lawyers, publicists, legislators and teachers of ethics—among them clergymen—who are facing the problem of bringing some degree of order out of the present complexity of our divorce legislation. We have neither the full information nor the space at this time to give the details of the conference held in Philadelphia last week, at which the profoundly important matter of uniform divorce legislation was discussed and passed upon. We can only summarize the conclusions of this conference, which represent years of careful study of the problem, and which furnish friends of idealism in marriage and divorce a platform on which they can stand in dealing with the civil aspects of the problem. It will not satisfy the Roman Catholic or Protestant Episcopal (High Church) point of view. Compared with South Carolina's absolute refusal of divorce, or New York's one cause—adultery—it is a liberal program; but it is conservative as compared with the standards of certain states, and it affords a platform around which sentiment favorable to uniformity can be rallied. We copy from the *Springfield Republican* its comparison of the causes for divorce of the National Uniform Congress platform with the present standards of Massachusetts.

UNIFORM DIVORCE BILL	MASSACHUSETTS
Adultery.	Adultery.
Rigamy.	Nullity of marriage.
Imprisonment for crime (two years).	Imprisonment (five years).
Desertion (two years).	Desertion (three years).
Intolerable cruelty.	Extreme cruelty.
Habitual drunkenness (two years).	Habitual drunkenness.
Hopeless insanity of husband.	Neglect to provide.

THAT THE Y. M. C. A. while pushing its educational and industrial work and seeking to equip itself adequately on the material side intends to keep religion supreme, was plainly evidenced to all who attended the conference in Ford Hall, Boston, last week. This gathering took the place of the annual state convention and hereafter the Associations of Massachusetts and Rhode Island will meet only once in two years. On the alternate year some such gathering as that just held will bring together directors and secretaries. Among the weighty words to which three hundred men listened last week, were those of Fred B. Smith of the international committee, who has special charge of religious work, and he forcibly declared that the power of the association was not in its magnificent buildings, but in its being a link between young men and Christ. He would not have it usurp the teaching function of the Church or become a make weight in any theological controversy. Mr. Smith may be supposed to represent the sentiment of the international committee, while that of the

state committee was well brought out through Mr. R. C. Goodwin's graphic survey of the current activities and by his emphatic repudiation of the statement sometimes made, that the association came into being because the Church had lost its power of ministering to young men. "On the contrary," said he, "the association sprang up because the Church was able to adjust its methods to modern needs." We welcome such declarations as these from those in the inner circles of the association. The more the interdependence and the interblending of Church and association can be made manifest, the better for both institutions.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH Defense League organized in New York City last week is one of the best of the newer civic organizations. It proposes, in a systematic way covering the entire country, to expose and suppress quacks, charlatans and criminal practitioners who desecrate the name of physician by their deceptions and their wickedness. It has the backing of eminent physicians as well as civic reformers. Archbishop Farley of New York City had his personal representative present to give the movement his benediction, and Anthony Comstock also said words of praise and hope. Science compels religion to adjust more things than her theology. She had led many churches to substitute the individual communion cup for the common cup, and she in due time will compel the provision of cleaner and healthier edifices. At the session of the American Congress on Tuberculosis held last week the president, a Texan physician, severely indicted churches as breeding places for tuberculosis. He said he recently had worshiped in a room where the air was breathed twelve times over in the course of the service.

WHEN THE BALFOUR MINISTRY succumbed to the influence of capitalists with investments in South African mines and promoted importation of Chinese coolies to work in the compounds, it was told very plainly by a section of English Radicals, Nonconformists and a few Anglican leaders that sooner or later the vicious conditions inevitably attendant on such procedure would appear. A report just made to Parliament is so shocking as to be unprintable, and the Liberal Colonial Minister told Parliament last week that continuance of coolie labor in South Africa hereafter is impossible, whatever the economic effect of their withdrawal.

CHANCELLOR VON BULOW laid before the Reichstag last week his version of what the national policy should be, namely, no disposition to envy or interfere with the understanding between France and Russia on the one hand or France and England on the other. Nevertheless he declares that a policy "whose object would be to encircle Germany by arrangements designed to isolate and disable her" naturally "would be critical for the peace of Europe." Germany has the right to have a fleet proportionate to her growing mercantile marine, and there-

fore the duty to build such a fleet is accepted; but it does not imply hostility to Great Britain or a desire for war with her. Relations with Italy and with Austria are friendly. Bismarck was an incomparable statesman, but one cannot be paying homage to him eternally; and he is dead, while live issues compel new policies. Relations with the United States resting upon natural and historic reasons continue friendly, and each nation just now is arranging "a mutually beneficial agreement as to economic relations in a friendly spirit." By our impartial and pacific share in the conference over Morocco at Algiers we contributed to peace in Europe, a "second great service to the peace of the world. The first was by assisting in restoration of peace between Russia and Japan." This speech has been favorably received in Europe, though not without some discount in both France and England. If the iron hand is not wholly hidden it is mostly concealed in a silken glove.

ONE OF THE IMPORTANT objects to be planned and labored for in mission fields, said a missionary at the Haystack meeting, is to increase the earning power of the Christian community. This occupies a much larger place in campaigns to give the gospel to non-Christian peoples than it did in former years. If converts are to be trained to support their own churches they must be shown how to do this. Among most such peoples the majority of those who first accept the gospel of Christ are poor. To increase their capacity to earn money is as necessary as to train them to give money. And money given for Christian service which represents their own labor is worth far more for them than money which missionaries bring to them. It is the increasing conviction of this truth which is leading to the establishment of industrial schools on mission fields. In this movement our Congregational benevolent societies are at the front. Two missionaries of the American Board in India have within the last few years been awarded high honors from the British Government for introducing new industries among the natives. Industrial and technical training has become one of the principal features of the education of Negroes and Indians by the American Missionary Association. Other denominations are turning their attention in the same direction. A notable example is that of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who by the assistance of our Government has introduced into Alaska and distributed among the missions there the reindeer, which already have increased into large herds and are becoming a source of prosperity and even wealth for the natives. All education introduced by Christian missions has for its object the enlargement of the ability of people to serve others. To fit men for the future life is to increase their capacity to be useful to their fellowmen in this life.

Harper's Bazar has been inquiring how families have adjusted themselves to the increased cost of living when there has been no increase in income. We note in one reply a statement that explains much of the present parlous state of institutional religion on its financial and administrative side. Says this woman, "We give \$25 a year less to the church

and to various benevolences than we used to." She names this as the first item of economy, and she closes by saying that whereas the family formerly saved from \$80 to \$100 a year it now saves but \$50. Abolish the capacity to give to religion and philanthropy and diminish the ideal of thrift and saving and you get a society sooner or later that will bear watching.

"Lest We Forget"—To Be Grateful

The American people come up to Thanksgiving Day this year to be judged, as have their predecessors, by their use of opportunity. Thanksgiving Day not only is a holiday, it primarily is a holyday, not to be given over to feasting or mirth entirely, but to candid facing of personal, family and social conditions which press for solution, and also to fervent and sincere voicing of gratitude for mercies received and for sorrows which have proved to be blessings in disguise. The penalty of the day misspent as a holiday may be lethargy of mind and surfeit of the appetite, but the penalty of the day misspent as a holyday will be that which follows when opportunity is wasted, when ingratitude is shown, and when contempt for the giver of life and all its joys is displayed.

On the material side study of the national ledger shows a striking gain in wealth. Excellent crops have rewarded the husbandman, our exports abroad increase, the wage scale for the artisan class has risen, and where modern systems of taxation have been tried the burdens of taxpayers have been lessened. In an unprecedented volume of business, domestic and foreign, and in an atmosphere of optimism as to future prosperity, the year has been notable.

Ethically viewed it has been a year of saddening disclosures and also of encouraging insistence on a higher code of morality in state and in commerce and industry. Some reputations have been shattered, but others have been bettered. Our democracy has been recalled to study of the absolute in morals, and spurred to grapple with problems of law enforcement and law-making which promise when solved aright to make us a more righteous nation than we were during the last decades of the last and the first years of this century.

The food we eat today is purer, the medicines we take are less spirituous and more curative, the advertisements we read are less specious, and the political candidates we vote for less subject to political and financial "over-lords" than they were one year ago. Federal power, which alone could meet and discipline organized wealth, has been put forth. Political leaders in whom the people have confidence have emerged and been followed, and self-seeking demagogues have been rejected.

Ecclesiastically considered it has been a year of relatively less insistence on polity and dogma and more on efficiency and discipleship of Christ. Important steps for either federating or combining sects have been taken that promise a stronger Protestantism, and kindlier relations have developed between adherents of all faiths, who face common foes, i. e., practical materialism and irreligion. Nor has it been a year without signs of

recurrent interest in the science as well as in the art of religion, as recent numerous books dealing with systematic theology show.

As citizens we have cause to rejoice that our fraternal policy as a nation toward Latin-America has had so wise and tactful an exponent as Secretary of State Root, the ultimate pacifying and enlightening effects of whose journey to lands south of us, coming generations only can truly appraise, but which even now are seen to be assured.

As "citizens of the world," we must give thanks that both Russia and China, the former indeed with bloodshed, but the latter without it, have definitely entered upon paths that lead toward constitutional government. For this let every foe of autocracy or arbitrary power give thanks.

'Twere selfishness, though of a refined sort, if the coming day went by without some thought of its origin, of the pioneers of religious and political liberty who instituted it, of the beneficent effect it has had upon our American life. It is too precious an inheritance to become a mere form in family or in church. It needs to be vitalized with genuine emotion born of present gratitude. Like the Sabbath it was made for man and not man for it, but the danger is that like the Sunday it may become secularized.

Socialism and Individualism

Professor Giddings of Columbia University in the November *Century* discusses Mr. Bryan's recent argument for individualism published in that periodical a few months ago. He writes not as an individualist nor as a socialist, but as one who believes that there are three distinct spheres of action in present day life in which a citizen acting as a natural man may in turn be an individualist, or an advocate of State control of artificial persons, i. e., corporations, or a believer in collective action or socialism. Society today, he argues, is much too complex to attempt to include all productive industry and governmental activity under any one of these heads. A proper historic sense forbids immediate and wholesale rejection of individualism; adequate recognition of new social ideals and great irresistible popular emotions and tendencies equally forbids indifference to or rejection of collectivism. Likewise, the natural man if he would avoid being spoiled and despoiled by the Frankenstein of his own creation, i. e., the corporations and combinations of labor, must enlarge the authority of the state and empower it to curb its creations, which, as Professor Giddings points out, are "immeasurably more powerful, more enduring and more efficient," than any natural person can be. Both Bishop Potter and Dr. Lyman Abbott in addresses given in New York last week emphasized the impossibility of American society reverting to what Bishop Potter called "discredited individualism." It still has its place and worth, but it must admit a rival conception and out of the conflict of the two social ideals will come a product which will include the best qualities of both. Professor Giddings's article is valuable precisely because he recognizes this.

One wonders often whether revolution-

aries ever care to know the psychological laws which shape modern democracy's opinions. The cause of anarchy, even its champions must admit, can scarcely profit by such an act of vandalism as occurred in St. Peter's in Rome, last Sunday. It breeds a mood of reaction and conservatism which simply intensifies society's determination to extirpate the foes whose absurd and wicked individualism assails the lives of State and its rulers.

So, too, with radical socialism. Held as a working ideal, to be attained unto in due time as men become ethically fit to work it, socialism has captured the imagination and the reason of some of the best spirits of the world. "I am a socialist," said Premier Clemenceau of France, last week, in debate in the House of Deputies. Held as a policy to be worked out slowly, step by step, after due testing in specified walks of life before it is applied to the whole, it commands the loyalty of scores if not hundreds of the law-makers of Europe today, who reflect the mind and will of thousands of the electors. But held as something to be immediately substituted for society as it is, it simply provokes laughter, or such serious fulmination from the pulpit against it as Archbishops Ireland of Minnesota and O'Connell of New England have uttered recently. Radicalism of any kind today is unscientific, and as far as men in the mass have been touched with the scientific temper they recoil from extremes of conservatism or radicalism. Life is too complex for simple solutions of any problem.

The Friendship of the Master Learning to Know Christ *

Our self-surrender is but a beginning; we have much to learn of Christ in our experience of life with him. Often, indeed, the hour of first conscious decision for Christ is followed by a glow which is likewise a haze. We have joy, but we know our Saviour and Friend but dimly. And we need to know him more accurately and more intimately, as a friend knows his friend, both for the security of our faith and for the establishment of our utility in his kingdom. To know Christ intimately is to serve him well. But the reverse is likewise true—to know Christ intimately we must serve him well. The exercises, observances and obediences of the Christian life are for our profit, that they may lead us to more intimate relations with our Lord.

We may with profit regard these exercises in turn as avenues of new and deeper acquaintance with Christ. If it were only that in his own life on earth prayer had so large a part, we may be sure that he will be with us in our prayers. As prayer becomes our joy we are growing into sympathy with his highest joy; we are standing in his presence. Had we no fears or needs to bring, to meet with Christ and to learn more of him were reason enough to form the habit of prayer.

So in the self-giving of obedience we come to better acquaintance with our

Lord. For so he learned; and so he has ordained that we must learn. Can one know his guide who will not follow him? Can there be intimacy between the teacher and the wandering, unlistening, self-centered and self-satisfied disciple?

The life with Christ is an experience and an experiment. Progress is an advance toward knowledge. When the child begins, it begins without capacity for understanding father and mother. But in the progress of its growth and its experience of the family life it grows into what may be the most perfect sympathy of soul on earth. And so our progress and experience step by step enlarge our powers of knowing Christ.

So on one side of it our Christian faith is the most practical and common of human experiences. It grows and strengthens in the sphere of everyday living. No palace is guarded well enough to shut out its trials and exertions. No hut is too bare for its flowering into strength. We may give thanks that so far as we surrender to the conditions of the experiment with Christ we are going on through all experiences to dearer intimacy with our Lord. "The righteousness which is of faith saith thus, Say not in thy heart, Who shall ascend into heaven (that is to bring Christ down); or, Who shall descend into the abyss? (that is, to bring Christ up from the dead.) But what saith it? The Word is nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart: that is the word of faith."

Never before in our history nor in the history of any other nation, has a people enjoyed more abundant material prosperity than is ours; a prosperity so general that it should arouse in us no spirit of reckless pride, and least of all, a spirit of heedless disregard of our responsibilities; but rather a sober sense of our many blessings, and a resolute purpose, under Providence, not to forfeit them by any action of our own. Material well-being, indispensable though it is, can never be anything but the foundation of true national greatness and happiness. If we build nothing upon this foundation, then our national life will be as meaningless and empty as a house where only the foundation has been laid. Upon our material well-being must be built a superstructure of individual and national life lived in accordance with the laws of the highest morality, or else our prosperity itself will in the long run turn out a curse instead of a blessing. We should be both reverently thankful for what we have received and earnestly bent upon turning it into a means of grace and not of destruction.—From President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

In Brief

Don't send us anonymous items of church news. They may be correct but we shall not print them unless we know who sends them.

"He certainly has a genius for the statement of the convictions of an honest, true hearted man with regard to the nobler life," says the *Baptist Teacher* of Mr. S. D. Gordon. Read his Quiet Talk on Thanksgiving on page 684 and you will make that statement your own.

The last pensioner of the Revolutionary War died last week. Fifty-three years ago at the age of twenty-one she married a soldier of the Revolution who was seventy-five years old. There are 7,488 widows of soldiers of the Mexican War drawing pensions. It is not strange that marrying for pensions only is described as a form of "graft."

Since 1890 the wealth of the United States, according to the latest report of the Census Bureau which is for the year 1904, increased from sixty-five billion to nearly one hundred and six billion dollars, sixty-four per cent. in

fourteen years. The greatest problem now is not how to increase the wealth of the nation but how to secure its equitable distribution.

It is said that the baptismal font in Austerfield, Eng., which is shown to American visitors as the one in which William Bradford, the historian of the Pilgrim Fathers, was baptized, is not genuine. The font which was originally in the Austerfield Parish Church is now, it is claimed, in the Primitive Methodist chapel at Lound, a village near Retford.

If wisdom and knowledge were only equal many academic instructors would reflect more credit on their calling. To say that we no longer have any consistent right to assert the Monroe Doctrine, and to remark that Kipling for his reputation's sake should have died when ill in New York a few years ago, are specimen infelicities recently uttered by American university professors.

For two reasons we do not print the report sent to us of a vote of censure passed by an association of churches on a sermon lately preached before one of our autumn meetings. The first reason is that we don't believe any of those who voted so bravely in defense of their idea of orthodoxy had either heard or read the sermon; and the second, that we wish to preserve some semblance of influence for resolutions passed by delegated religious assemblies.

Commenting on Prof. A. H. Newman's article in the latest number of the *American Journal of Theology* on Recent Changes in the Theology of Baptists, the Chicago Baptist journal, the *Standard*, says that the issue of open or closed communion no longer is a live one among Baptists of the North. The denominational common denominator, according to the *Standard*, which is found among Calvinists and Arminians and all the various groups within the sect is "the Lordship of Jesus Christ."

Douglas Story, writing in the *London Tribune*, on The Future of the Orient, says that devotion to sport among the British in the Orient, notably as illustrated by their conduct in Hong Kong, is sapping the British genius for trade and political expansion. Undue emphasis on sport and amusement among Britons at home has been affirmed of late years by troubled students of national evolution. Here it crops out in the far East, where Chinese, Japanese, Armenians, Jews and Germans are beginning to challenge the pre-eminence that Great Britain once had in the Chinese trade.

The fraternal and sympathetic relations between Gipsy Smith and the Boston clergy are delightful to behold, and Mr. Smith is the first to testify to the cordiality of his welcome and the heartiness of his support in a city against whose clergy he had been warned by some. Dr. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church, who gave a luncheon to Mr. Smith and his family last week, will welcome Mr. Smith to the Old South pulpit next Sunday, and his brief sermon will be followed by a talk by Mr. Smith, who would be given the entire time did his physical condition justify the effort.

Last month, near the mouth of the Humber River, on the northeast coast of England, the first sod was cut for a great deep water dock, after a religious service conducted by the Bishop of Lincoln. The place is in sight of Killingholme Creek, a short distance away, the point from which, 300 years ago, the Serooby Pilgrims set sail in their flight to Holland. The hymn sung at the recent ceremony would have been specially appropriate for the earlier event:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

The discussion in last week's paper by a dozen representative men of President Hyde's Christian Platform, is arousing keen interest

*Prayer Meeting Topic for Nov. 25—Dec. 1. Learning to Know Christ. By prayer. Gen. 32: 24-32. By surrender. Phil. 3: 4-16. By progress. Hos. 6: 1-3. By experience. John 16: 12-24.

in different parts of the country and already letters are coming to us expressing satisfaction, if not with every detail of the platform, at least with this careful and friendly consideration of the underlying issues involved. One enthusiastic brother orders 500 copies of the platform for distribution. President Hyde himself writes expressing warm appreciation of the criticisms and we shall print next week from him an article reflecting his later judgment on the proposition after reading the strictures of his brethren.

Applications are constantly coming to *The Congregationalist* for free copies of the paper. Some of these are for reading-rooms of theological schools and other institutions where young persons and teachers could have access to it who would gain exceptional benefits from reading it. We understand all that. It is not necessary to write out the arguments at length for the editors to read. The simple fact to be faced is that the fund is exhausted for paying the subscription price, fixed for such cases at the bare cost of producing the paper. The failure to respond to these appeals does not mean that we are indifferent to the applicants. As soon as any one sends us money for this purpose we transfer names from the waiting list to the subscription list.

President Hopkins of Williams College addressing veterans of the Civil War last week, dwelt on the value of strife even to the point of war when principle is involved, and he proceeded to say, what needs to be said:

We live in a day when relief of suffering is the popular virtue, when charity is highly honored, and naturally public spirit takes on these forms. There is danger lest the great indignations of our nature against wrong perish, lest the fire and fiber of noble virtue be lost in good natured acquiescence with evil, until our morals and our politics alike become a "mush of concessions." The oppositions in the moral world are as inherent and necessary as those of the elements of the physical world. Opposition to evil is only the other side of the choice of goodness.

Matthew Henry's famous commentary on the Old and New Testaments published 200 years ago, in October, 1706, is still valued by many students of the Bible for its spiritual suggestiveness, while hundreds of commentaries written since then have had their day and ceased to be. One reason for its long life is given in the author's explanation of his method and purpose, not less wise now than then, "Aiming in all to promote practical godliness and carefully avoiding matters of doubtful disputation and strife of words."

The mystical and other-worldly side of R. F. Horton occasionally triumphs over his practical sense; and proof of it is found in his suggestion that we call Monday hereafter in some such wise as to suggest Alfred the Great, Tuesday so as to recall Sir Philip Sidney, Friday David Livingstone, etc. Mr. Horton is tired of paying tribute to Woden and Thor, etc. This Comtian suggestion of worshipping great dead human heroes would produce international complications. Americans would choose American heroes. Fancy how far national and provincial admirations might carry differentiations in nomenclature. It is more divisive even than President Roosevelt's boost of the new spelling and the alleged horrors of "thru," against which Professor Münsterberg protests in his article in the November McClure's.

The British Privy Council has just affirmed the decision of a Canadian court that teachers in Ontario schools must be qualified according to provincial law and have certificates proving their right to teach. This hits the Christian Brothers and members of Roman Catholic religious orders.

Oscar Wilde's *Salome* was played last week in New York City by two of the leading and most high-toned actors of this country, and yet the *New York Evening Post* is compelled to say of the event:

The offense here is against art, and it is gross and palpable. Wholly apart from his religious significance, John the Baptist is a noble and heroic figure, one of the finest examples of fearless devotion to a lofty cause in the religious or profane history of the world, and it is outrageous that he should be made the subject of ridiculous travesty by the waifs and strays of mummerdom, or used as an excuse for the public dissemination of the salacious ravings of a powerful but hopelessly debased intellect. It is conceivable, of course, that he might be made the protagonist of a great and worthy drama, although nothing short of genius could avail to elaborate without lessening the effect of the simple and dignified Scriptural records, but such experiments as those of yesterday are worthy only of disgusting contempt.

Personalia

The Emperor of Japan is a large investor in American property, lending his capital as well as favor to colonies of Japanese in this country and in Mexico who have become agriculturists.

Mrs. Persis C. Curtis (born Woods), the last surviving member of the first class graduated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, died last week in Bloomfield, N. J., at the age of eighty-seven. She served with Mary Lyon.

Rev. Dr. N. D. Hillis preached a sermon in eulogy of David Swing in Central Church recently, and described him as twenty years ahead of his time in his assurance that one day science and religion would be allies, not rivals.

Mexico has a mine owner, by name Pedro Alvarado, worth \$150,000,000, who plans to spend \$10,000,000 within the next month in making 10,000 of his fellow countrymen land owners and agriculturists fully equipped with

tools, seed, etc. He also has offered to pay the national debt.

We learn that Secretaries Hitchcock and Creagan of the American Board, who started on their long journey around the world Oct. 20, have arrived safely in England, and left London Nov. 1 for Prague, Austria. They report a rather rough passage with much rain and fog, but so far have experienced little discomfort. Both are well and anticipating a pleasant trip.

District Attorney Jerome announces that he intends to father a bill in the New York legislature which will put a stop to legalized gambling and betting on races, and he expects Governor Hughes to give executive support. Incidentally he says that Rev. T. R. Slicer, a Unitarian minister of New York City, has done more to prevent poolroom gambling than all the district attorneys and courts in the four metropolitan counties.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University is out with a plea for substitution of the Authorized Version of the Bible for the list of books now required for admission to our leading colleges and universities. His argument runs thus: "The ignorance of college students of Biblical literature is universal, profound and complete. . . . The Bible has within its pages every single kind of literature that any proposed list of classics contains. It has narrative, descriptive, poetical, dramatic and argumentative and oratorical passages."

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, who died in New York City last week, was widely known as the founder and leader of the Order of the King's Daughters, whose twenty-first anniversary will occur next January. She was the author of several books and has written much for the periodical press on this and kindred subjects, besides addressing many audiences in Bible readings and guiding women in organized Christian work. She was the widow of a Methodist minister and left three sons, two of whom are clergymen in the Episcopal Church. She was nearly seventy-nine years of age.

What a Daily Newspaper Man Says about *The Congregationalist*

Hôtel du Palais

23, Cours la Reine
Paris - Champs Elysées

Sunday 5 P. M.
Oct 7-1906-

My dear Mr. Bridgman -

Four thousand miles from my home, three thousand from yours, I have been reading copies of *The Congregationalist* of Sept 15 & 22 which have reached me during the past week from home, reading them far more carefully in my leisure here, than I am able, I am sorry to say, during my busy Sundays at home after a hard week's work. I want to congratulate you and Dr. Dunning and the people responsible for it on the splendid paper you are making

Sincerely
S. S. Rogers

Tenting on the Hilltop

A Quiet Talk on Thanksgiving

By S. D. GORDON

[The name of Mr. Gordon has become widely known in the last two or three years, especially among those who welcome a fresh and stimulating treatment of themes bearing upon the inner life of Christians. Thousands of copies of his Quiet Talks on Prayer, Power and on Service, have been circulated. He comes of old Scotch Covenanter stock, was educated in the Philadelphia public schools and his first public Christian service was with the Y. M. C. A. of that city. For some years after that he supervised association work among the colleges and cities of Ohio and then independ-



ently of any organization he gave series of quiet talks with churches and at conferences and conventions in different parts of the country. He does not cultivate notoriety but screens his personality behind the simple message of his books, preferring to exalt the Master who in a certain sense is the central figure of all his books. During the first week of this month Mr. Gordon gave a series of quiet talks in Toronto, Canada, at the invitation of the Y. M. C. A. of that city seconded by a number of churches.—EDITORS.]

Thanksgiving is the top of a hill. There are lower hills behind, and higher hills ahead. The sun is shining, the look-off is uplifting, and there's a fine nip in the air. This is true of Thanksgiving Day, and especially true of a man's own thanksgiving days which mean most to him. It is true too of the thanksgiving spirit, for a man may keep his tent pitched on the top of this hill if he will, and abide there.

Behind are the lower hills with valleys between them. There is some thick fog down there, some steep climbing, sharp-edged stones, dark specks, difficult slants, hands and knees both needed in the climbing, hard breathing, looking wistfully up to try to see through the fog if the top's near, stopping a bit for a fresh start, with gravity steadily pulling you down and your spirit weary sometimes even while it insists on tugging up. And all the while there was Somebody by your side helping with a warm, strong hand, though you half forgot Him sometimes, and how near He was, and didn't lean as hard as he wanted you to.

But a last pull brought the top of the hill under your mastering feet. And as you stand still, and breathe great deep breaths, and look wonderingly out upon the far view you are conscious of a new,

sturdy strength that has come to limbs and lungs and heart. It was well worth all the slow tugging climb to be up here with this new sense of life within, and this new outlook upon life around.

Thanksgiving spells out the word FRIEND in big letters, capital size, underscored. It means a stiff tug up the hillside, a sore sense of need, a friend who came, and now victory because of Him; a crisis, a need, a friend, a victory.

Not everybody does believe in a personal evil being who opposes us in all our good purposes. But everybody who has done any fighting at all on the field of life knows that before victory comes there is a something to be subdued and overcome. It may seem to be merely an inertia, a dead weight, a heavy dripping-wet cloak wrapped tightly around you pulling down and back. Sometimes it seems to be an intricate network of contrary purpose. It surrounds you completely. It threatens to entangle you in its clinging meshes and throw you. It fights with a peculiar silent tiger-like tenacity against every high purpose. Whichever way you turn, for whatever purpose that's good there is that something, not always well defined, but always very sure, that pulls back. You can't see it but you can feel its stubborn grip. Nothing worth while is ever achieved without hard ditch work with coat off and arms bared to the elbows. Only he who goes in with full tilt of his power wins any great victories. The others ride on his wave, or lag behind sleepy and indifferent.

This is true of all life. It may be working the soil, or raising stock, spreading a reform or getting improved conditions in the city, the crowded, battered, noisy city with its precious gems all covered with dirt. It may be disciplining one's mental powers, or, harder yet, bringing the moral impulses and passions under the thumb of control, or training the children, or earning the family bread, or getting on well in business or profession. It may be simply getting good health, or keeping it. Yet what constant, keen care that takes for a man or woman in the thick of things. The man who would get the best out of his body and brain and spirit must needs live as carefully as an athlete in training for an event.

All life is a crisis; a tugging between two contrary wills with the result, and then the next result ever hanging in the delicately poised scales. We are so used to it that only the severer tugs, the sharper turns are called crises. These sharper turns nearly swamp us many a time. Many a man is swamped. That happens daily. There's a quick gasp for breath, a sharp plunge down, a few bubbles on the surface, then the waters smooth out again and the onlookers forget, so absorbed is each in his own battle. These sharper crisis times only spell out in bigger, blacker letters the continual need of help. We are a needy lot of men, the best and strongest of us. We need a friend, a lover-friend.

There has been a sudden storm in busi-

ness. The wind blew a gale. The man at the wheel had to hold very steady, and steer uncomfortably close to some black, ugly rocks just beneath the surface, and do a lot of extra, quick, short praying (more than he let anybody know) while he gripped the wheel hard, with his teeth shut together hard too, as though they also held the wheel. But the boat cleared the rocks, and is off in deep water again. And as the steersman breathes a deep sigh of relief there comes a new, keen sense within that it was not his good work, or good sense alone, but Somebody else by his side helping through these. And this Friend it was who turned the balance favorably and helped weather the storm safely, a sharp crisis, a sore need, a true friend, a sure victory.

You stood by the side of a couch. It contained the one dearer to you than your own life. The tether of life pulled hard, and very close to its short end, and almost slipped its hold. You could do nothing more now, but only pray, often wordlessly pray, under your breath pray, while you must keep the cheery smile. Then the strain eased and the life remains with you a while longer. And there comes the feeling so subtle and so strong that it was the unseen One who turned the tide from ebb toward flood. Behind and around and through these loved ones and nurses and faithful physician-friend there was another strong, tender face keeping watch, with a hand skillfully touching the secret springs of life; a breathless crisis, a crying need, a faithful Friend, a sweet victory.

Thanksgiving, whether the day or the spirit, gives a man a clearer outlook. It straightens the lines in his perspective. It clears his eyes. He stops and sees in sharper outlines the difficulties past, the possible sore defeat nearer than he had guessed, and the influence of the faithful One alongside, not always recognized but always there.

The lines of the pictures are in blacker ink. He can see more distinctly now. The bit's of fog of self-confidence of a bad sort disappear in this upper thin rare air. There comes a new mellowing of heart toward this great Friend. After all is said and done *He* has been the chief factor in victory. He seems closer and stronger than you had realized, and kindles more than ever a warm glow within.

That hilltop helps in another way. You get here glimpses and suggestions of some ugly things that came perilously near but went by without touching you. It makes one realize more keenly that all the time we are being protected from unknown and unsuspected dangers. Every day a man should give fervent thanks for the things that didn't happen, the accidents that didn't occur, the protection of home and of loved ones that were not disturbed nor maltreated. There is an immense power at work holding things steady and smooth for us. That power is revealed most when nothing bad happens.

Thanksgiving helps a man too, not to get used to his blessings. We are in great

danger of getting so used to things that we do not realize their worth, and really do not enjoy them so much as when there is the fresh sense of their worth. It is bad for a man to get used to God's love, or to his wife's love, our thoughtful attentions, or to the comforts of home, and the blessing of health. It is a bit of the hurt of sin stupefying our senses when it is so. We should aim to cultivate the same freshness of appreciation of our blessings as when these blessings came the first time with the flush of surprise.

Let the man in the thick of things remember that the spirit of thanksgiving affects our bodies, and so our strength, and so our attack of the next battle or problem, and so our victory. Fear hurts the body; the juices don't flow freely, the food is not digested so well, a sort of paralysis begins to creep in stealing away the strength. Gratitude gives confidence. Our Friend will do more and better than He has done yet. God's best is always

ahead; always a new superlative coming. Thanksgiving of heart gives a fine freshness, a tingle, a tang to one's spirit that not only assures but increases victory.

A sense of victory insures new victory. A dread of defeat coming opens an easy door for defeat. The winner of a brutal prize fight a few years ago told how as the fighting progressed and his opponent came forward for the new set-to he detected a distinct look of fear in the man's eye, and that instantly gave him such a sense of victory as helped him to get it more quickly, and to make it more decided. Victory gives new strength. Defeat is already being gripped by the throat.

Let us pitch our tent up on this hill-top, and stay here, with our Friend's presence recognized as the chief factor of our lives. Then there will be sweet, uplifting music, crisp, nippy air, clear views of the higher hills ahead, a glow on the cheek, a light in the eye, and every coming crisis half passed before it comes.

Gipsy Smith in Boston

Day after day at noon and evening a crowd of people pour into Tremont Temple in response to the invitation posted at the entrance, on street cars and elsewhere, to come to "Evangelistic meetings." Even in the worst weather the floor and first gallery of the Temple are well filled. At some of the evening services all available space has been occupied, and we have entered the vestibule at noon a little late, to be told by the ushers that there is room only in the upper gallery.

The platform at each service is occupied by ministers who are there, not as spectators, but assistants. They make addresses, lead in prayer, go about in the audience to conduct persons to the inquiry-rooms and take general charge. Drs. Conrad, McElveen, Little, Fitch and a number of other Congregational ministers are often there, and several pastors of other denominations.

Gipsy Smith is the human heart of the assembly, whoever takes the place of its head. And its heart beats warmly but steadily, sending life into the whole body. He is unaffected, unobtrusive, genuine, earnest, a pleasing contrast to some well-known evangelists. He does not assume to pronounce offensive judgment on ministers as unconverted, or on churches as spiritually dead, nor does he call on outsiders to hear him lay bare the sins and weaknesses of professing Christians. He assumes that every one knows already that he ought to be right with God, and he just goes to work to make every one feel what he knows as a motive to act at once. His object is always the same, and he strives for it in the same direct, simple way. Perhaps that is a reason why no extended reports of his addresses are given in the newspapers, nor any thrilling accounts of these meetings. Having described one, you have described all except the varied incidents.

Mr. Smith is apt to take the theme of the speaker who has preceded him, using it as a text for his invariable message to surrender to Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. He interprets sympathetically the thoughts of his hearers with shrewd insight into their mental conditions and with apt illustrations. He has an innate sense of courtesy which restrains him from intruding into their personality, while he is keen and persistent in his application of acknowledged truth to individual consciences, echoing with solemn assertion and tender appeal the inner voice persuading men to repent of sin and by coming into full sympathy with the heart and mission of the Son of God to become at peace with God.

Mr. Smith skillfully uses all the powers of association to deepen religious feeling, and

then to make it a motive for action by prayer and by persuading all to take the attitude and to absorb their thoughts in prayer, by appeal in song and by persuasive, quiet counsels, he brings one and another to stand up as an expression of purpose to obey the call to duty, and to enlist in the service of Christ. A keynote of his preaching is in this sentence, "One of the fundamental conditions of salvation is to reveal yourself." He would press home, first in one way, and if not successful, then in another, the necessity of making immediately some public sign of confession of sin and purpose to obey the voice of conscience. "Don't stand on your dignity," he says. "What did the Son of God think about dignity when he hung on the cross between two thieves for you?"

Whoever takes one step by making any open response to the evangelist's appeal, finds that he has entered a path which impels him onward. Though the audience has been directed to keep their heads bowed in prayer, he is conscious that they are all attending to him. They are exhorted to pray for him. One of the ministers comes to lead him to the front seat or to the inquiry-room. He is asked to sign a card signifying that he welcomes further guidance. He is thenceforth a marked man till he confesses himself a Christian or turns his back on those who would help him.

One element of Mr. Smith's power is in his use of the personal element. He urges individuals to rise as evidence that they are Christians. Then he urges them to labor with those near them who have not risen. "I know many of you," he says, "who come here night after night, and make no confession. I see you, though you are not conscious of it. You move into different parts of the house in different meetings, but I find you out and I know where you are and what you are thinking."

Mr. Smith does not obtrude his own personality, does not boast of his faith or his deeds. He does not talk about the confidences he has received from inquirers. He is a gentleman by instinct as well as a disciple of Christ by choice. At each service some persons are gathered into the inquiry-room. Sometimes there are many. It seems certain that many others are being moved to penitent confession and to consecrated lives who will choose other ways of revealing themselves than by announcing their feeling and purpose in the presence of a multitude of strangers.

Sayings from Gipsy Smith

Are we all to be apostles and never to have any acts? If we were doing our duty we could

write another chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.

Hand-picked fruit fetches most in the market.

If God can use a crooked stick he can use a polished one.

Gipsy Smith to Inquirers

Drawing the net and ministering to those within it are two different processes, but Gipsy Smith is an adept in both, and the delicacy and care with which he seeks to nurture the beginnings of faith are beautiful to witness. He does not talk much with individuals in the inquiry-room, deeming it best for many reasons to leave that work to pastors and laymen and women, but now and then he gathers on the seats in front of him those who have just signified their purpose to enter the Christian life. Then for five or ten minutes he tenderly instructs them as to the next things to do. He asks those who have surrendered themselves to Christ to raise their hands and to signify by the same sign if they are ready to trust him. Then he goes on somewhat in this fashion: "Now that you have taken this decisive step, go home and tell your dear ones what you have done. I know it will be hard, but it will strengthen you wonderfully. Then be sure and find time each day for at least a little reading of the Bible and for prayer. I couldn't live myself without this daily private prayer. Be prepared for temptation. It will meet you on your way home tonight, but let Christ help you to conquer the temptation. He'll be by your side and he'll help you; depend on him."

Sensible, help-laden words these, and the evangelist appears to no better advantage than when he is face to face with the human harvest of his seed sowing. The veteran Christian who watches his handling of these inquirers feels that each through this loving counsel must be confirmed in his new position; and all through what the Gipsy said rang the note of victory through trust in the great Captain of a man's salvation. The inquirers must have felt this conquering note and gone out themselves to win their first battles.

Those Hawaiian Students at Hartford

To the Editor of *The Congregationalist*: I am sure that your well-known desire for scrupulous accuracy, worthy of the chief organ of our denomination, will give a prominent place for the following explanation of points to which you referred in your last number.

1. The trustees of Hartford Seminary have agreed to give training to two native Hawaiians for three years.

2. The course for these students is not our ordinary course for college graduates, but a special course suited to their preparation and their future sphere. Mr. Akana is not enrolled in the Junior class.

3. The seminary had no funds for this purpose. Our student aid committee always has a deficit, which has to be made up from various sources. And money for this new work must be raised by direct appeal to friends.

4. Our action in regard to those English-speaking students from Hawaii throws no light upon the problem of training preachers to our foreign-speaking immigrants on the mainland.

W. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.
Hartford Theological Seminary, Nov. 18.

Pres. Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Seminary is fulfilling his second appointment as Haskell lecturer in India, and is receiving, as before, a warm welcome from many classes in the community. He will be in India until after Christmas and then proceed on his way to China and Japan. His wife and children accompany him, as well as his private secretary.



By Martha Baker Dunn

Drawings by Frances K. Winslow

An Old-Fashioned Sabbath Of

An Old-Fashioned Child



On a sun-bright Sabbath morning long ago a little New England girl stepped forth from the open front door of a cottage whose trellised front was gay with blossoming honeysuckle. The child stood for a moment on the granite doorstep, secure in the knowledge that her Sunday school lesson was firmly anchored in her memory and that she had leisure to look about her and view the prospect o'er.

A neat plank walk extended along the entire front of the house from the back door to the front gate. On either side of this walk were flowerbeds filled with old-fashioned blossoms: great bunches of peonies, both crimson and white, clumps of phlox, larkspur and London pride, tall stalks nodding with Canterbury bells, masses of fringed pinks, marigolds and other blooms too numerous to mention. All these beds were bordered by narrow walks filled with smooth white pebbles, a unique decoration which every child of the little girl's acquaintance regarded with unconcealed envy.

On a secular day it was not a forbidden privilege to take off one's shoes and stockings and walk precariously along these slippery paths, rejoicing in the way the smooth, wabbling little stones have of sliding from beneath one's feet, but on Sunday they lent themselves to other and more Scriptural uses. The child held in her hand, chosen from the allotment of volumes set apart for Sabbath perusal, Peter Parley's Book of Bible Stories for Children, a shabby, much-worn little collection bound in faded purple. It contained, among other narratives, the story of David in four divisions: about David, about David and Goliath, about Saul's persecution of David, more about David.

The many imperfections in David's character rendered him dear to this youthful reader. She herself was by no means an angel; indeed, but the day before the child had heard her father commenting mournfully to her mother on their young daughter's hopeless "light-mindedness." To be light-minded is reprehensible, but, being incurable, has its pleasing side, since to a frivolous person the glooms of religion may be mitigated by "playing David."

The child knew—or thought she knew—a good deal about the erring but lovable shepherd lad. She had so often, in fancy, seen him tending his sheep, that it was hard to persuade herself that she had never in reality wandered on that mountain side where the scarlet poppies blossom with each new season just as they did in David's day. There was a tall, red-cheeked youth who "went to the

academy," and whose daily progress past her father's house helped the child to form a rather resplendent vision of David as Samuel saw him, "ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to."

Without any especial grudge against David's brethren, she was always pleased when she read the story of how he "got ahead of them." She admired the simple and unemotional manner in which the stripling shepherd lad bowled the giant Goliath over with five insignificant little smooth stones like those which abounded in the pebbly paths on which her eyes rested. Some day the child herself, having abundant material at hand for the purpose, might decide to kill giants, but she felt sure that her parents would cherish pious scruples against her beginning such warfare on the Sabbath.

The smell of syringas and cinnamon roses was in the air, the brook in the garden called with the voice of David's brook, the hackmatack trees breathed out spice as if they were cedars of Lebanon, and somehow David's world and the child's world blended into one, the old story pieced itself onto the new and time and space were blotted out.

Presently, however, the young dreamer began to reflect that David was not the only man who had a use for smooth, round pebbles. The gentleman with a long name, about whom she had heard his sister studying the other day, carried them in his mouth as a preventive of stuttering. It occurred to the child as an interesting experiment, to recite her Sunday school lesson holding a pebble in her mouth to serve as an incentive to clearness of speech; not in any declamatory style, calculated to draw superfluous attention to one's Sabbath avocations, but in what the School Reader calls "a low and altered tone of voice."

There is sometimes an advantage in possessing a mind which veers around like a weathercock. It may be that the child's versatility in that respect saved her from a sudden and ignominious death as a result of devouring stones instead of bread. The sight of the chains which connected the gateposts on either side of the main entrance to her father's domain, suddenly reminded the gazer that this same father, of whom she is wont to boast as "a very historical person," had read aloud to her mother yesterday the story of a strange being called Gabriel Riquetti de Mirabeau, whose ancestor—another Riquetti—once chained two mountains together. There was a verse about this exploit, which fixed the transaction in the hearer's memory:

Thy wild ancestor, long ago, fulfilling a wild vow,
Together chained two mountain peaks—they show
the relic now.

What one Ricketty person has accomplished, opens the way for the achievements of others. The child chained the gateposts, which obligingly loomed up in the guise of wild, Italian mountains, until, with another sudden whirl of the weather-vane, existence suddenly presented itself as an empty void which nothing but the sliding of terraces could satisfactorily fill.

There was a verse for this, too. In a home whose inmates constantly read aloud there is always a verse for everything—

Fair Amy of the terraced house,

so the stanza began. The child was fair Amy; the terraced house rose behind her; the terraces were slippery with hackmatack needles and therefore adorable places for sliding. One might land astride the trunk of a tree, catch on a projecting root, or spin triumphantly to the bottom. It was all a matter of chance, but the zest of life consists in taking chances.

At the foot of the terraces one might see the roots of vagrant flowers which wandered up and down their slopes; sweet Williams, red and purple columbines, great clumps of tiger lilies gathering round the roots of tall balm of Gilead trees. There were tiny young cherry trees, too, and little Scotch rosebushes, clinging precariously, and altogether more charming to the childish imagination because their free spirits had broken away from bounds.

Beyond the terraces and a narrow stretch of green turf came the row of apple trees, and the fence which separated the family domain from that of "Mis' Weeks." Mis' Weeks was dead; she had been so for some years, and her house, at the end of the line of huge willows, was black and crumbling, festooned with luxuriant hop vines, obscured by rampant lilac bushes, gloomed about by overhanging trees. There were well known Scriptural reasons for her refraining to take her abode with her to that place whither she had gone, but she seemed able to keep fast hold of it still, with a hand reached competently from the grave to do so.

Nobody ever spoke of the house as belonging to anybody but the vanished Mis' Weeks, and the child often felt that, in the event of a long-anticipated meeting in a world which offers a sequel to this one, it would be necessary to apologize to the departed one for having gathered a good many of her hops as well as for assuming the freedom of her pear tree.

Many a time had the child peered into

the darkling windows of Mis' Weeks's dwelling to gaze at her fireplace with its ancient andirons and the dilapidated rocking chair in which the good lady used to sit in the days when she took visible form among women. The little gazer had never considered Mis' Weeks to be as dead as the other deceased persons of whom her experience took cognizance, because such belief seemed untenable in the case of a person who still owned a house, a fertile hop vine and a tall pear tree, whose name, moreover, was familiarly mentioned every day; yet, on this bright, Sabbath morning, suddenly a shudder seemed to come out of the very warmth and brightness of the air—that shadow of the unknown and unknowable which hovers around our most radiant moments—as the child involuntarily asked herself, *Where is Mis' Weeks?* The cloud of that stern Puritanism which always lingered in the Sunday atmosphere descended upon her from a clear sky. How did the child know—O awful, haunting question!—that Mis' Weeks's soul was saved? She saw the traces of Mis' Weeks's earthly existence all around her; her phantom seemed to linger indistinguishably in the former haunts of its original, yet, perhaps at that very moment the real Mis' Weeks, like the rich man in the New Testament, might be lifting up her eyes, "being in torment," and wishing that one might give her a drink of cooling water!

Dismayed and trembling at the grim thought, the child scrambled up the terraces, precipitated herself into the house and caught firm hold of her mother's warm hand as she sat placidly reading and rocking to and fro.

She had never known her mother to be afraid of anything, therefore clung to her as a rock of defense.

"Mother," the child announced, firmly, "I shall never die at all, unless I die when you do."

The mother, who was really a wise woman, but at that moment preoccupied with fears concerning the possible waking of the baby—the baby whose care detained her from forenoon churchgoing—offered the child the conventional formula, "If you try to be a good girl, you will have nothing to be afraid of, so that you will be willing and ready to die whenever God calls you." "I ain't willing to die now an' I never shall be—an' I think's likely," the child acknowledged with stern regard for truth, "that I shan't ever be a very good girl."

This decision to live forever really involved a great rejection. Heaven, as revealed to her imagination, offered much to interest one. There were to be seen streets paved with solid gold and walls crusted with gems. There was a sea of glass mingled with fire, a fountain of pure water and a tree bearing twelve

manner of fruits. Outside the city, if one might believe the hymn describing "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood," the landscape was of a more familiar order. Sometimes when the child was so securely tucked into her bed at night that it seemed as if no avenging deity could get a purchase on her, she dreamed in a happy sort of half-waking drowse that Jesus was walking in those green pastures and blessing little children still, and with this hope she fell blissfully asleep.

The Old South Church, where the child attended afternoon service, after her Sunday school lesson had been recited with credit to all concerned, was, she



was fully persuaded, a gate to paradise. That the building itself was a most commendable piece of architecture, crowned by a steeple of unusual beauty, was a worldly recommendation for which she knew and cared little. When she had climbed the broad stair leading up to its vestibule and entered the church itself, a hush fell over her spirit, because she was joyfully sure that if anything were to happen to her in this sacred spot she would doubtless go up in a chariot of fire as Elijah did, "sping spang into heaven."

There were times when, sitting on the long "cricket" at the bottom of the pew, the child fancied herself making this exciting passage, with stars and other celestial bodies wildly hurtling around her. She felt that to go thus would be to free her young shoulders at once and forever from great responsibilities.

Yet there were many good persons who remained on earth. The Church was full of them: tall saints, short saints, benignant-faced saints, all journeying straight to glory. To be as good as these righteous ones was unimaginable, and the child often gazed at them wistfully and

admiringly, wondering how they accomplished such merit. The young people who sang in the singing seats, some of whom she often met in daily life without their haloes, were clothed in aureoles here.

The child liked them better when they sang Rock of Ages and "How firm a foundation," than on the days when "Hark, from the tombs," or dismal prophecies concerning "corruption, death and worms" were a part of their repertory, though she was, of course, aware that for the most part religion must, in the nature of things, be a terrifying piece of business.

On the day when the child's sister—the one who wore her hair in puffs—giggled visibly in the singing gallery, and that other day when, betrayed by the brother who was always her beloved bad angel, the child herself fell into the bottom of the pew with a resounding crash, she expected visitations of fire from on high. That it did not come, went far to convince her that the angels really possessed more kindly dispositions than they had been credited with.

Since it was a sin to think of secular things in "meeting," the little churchgoer invented a method of combining the bright, all-alive outside world with permitted topics. She knew, for instance, a place where Moses might have been discovered among the bullrushes; the children of Israel, under her marshal-

ing care, set forth into the Wilderness, in the direction of Lakeman's Woods; the apostles "drew their nets" in the silvery waters of Jimmy's Pond; Ma's Hill—the child often wondered why Pa, also, was not an owner of real estate—was known in everyday parlance as Powder House Hill, and there, with his audience seated

on the rock-ledges which cropped out everywhere, Paul saw the clustering houses of the town below, the wide river curving boldly around the shore; and while the great dome of the state house stood for the Parthenon in the distance, he discoursed to the men of Athens concerning the Unknown God.

Paul was a great favorite in these Sabbath meditations. Frequently it happened that the great apostle, having just escaped from the spot—usually embodied by the field fronting the state house and known as "the state grounds," where in tumult and confusion the rabble had for several hours been calling vociferously, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"—finished up for the day by invoking an earthquake which triumphantly released him from the Augusta jail.

Yet, in spite of these diversions, carefully calculated to keep somewhere within hail of the letter of the law, in spite of the chapters from Ministering Children, The Old Red House, and similar volumes which the child's parents reserved for reading aloud on Sunday afternoons, one was not altogether sorry when bedtime

came. Week days were such frankly human periods and even going to school presented attractions as compared with the difficulty of regulating one's spiritual standards.

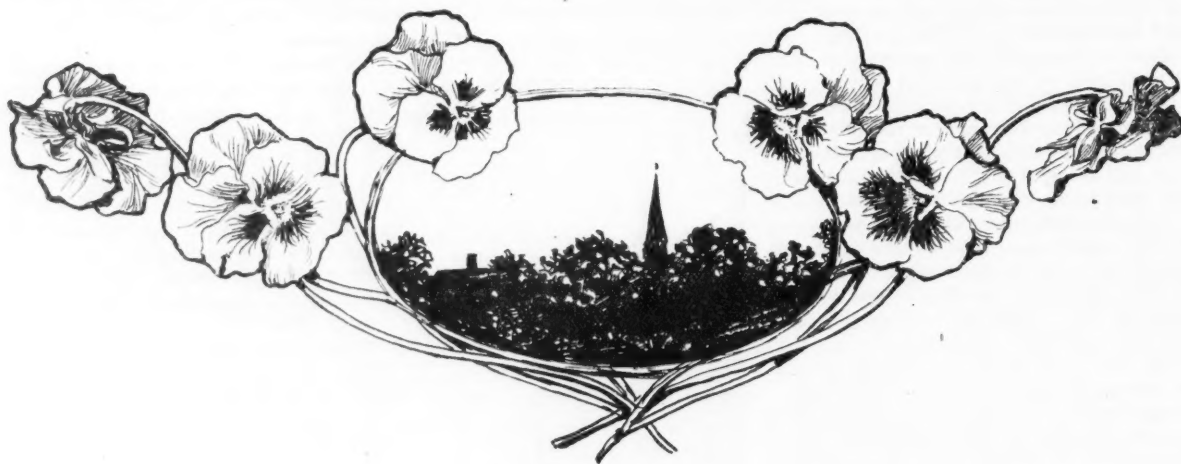
The sun sank red into the west pre-saging a pleasant morrow and the child knelt beside her bed, with thankful heart that she had been spared from outbreaching sins, to repeat, "Now I lay me down to sleep"—to repeat it, as usual, with a foreboding qualm.

The provisions of the prayer seemed to offer such a latitude of suggestion to a Mighty Being who might suddenly decide to take one at one's word!

Yet, despite these vague misgivings, the life that went on around the child every day seemed to her eternal. Death, sometimes mentioned with a shudder, was in reality only a chimera. Here were a father and mother of mighty and ageless powers; here a family circle established as on a rock; here was their

own world, made for them, existing for them. Why should it ever pass away?

A few years ago, for the first time, the fire went out upon that hearth, a sacred fire which had not glowed in vain. When the last dying spark expired, the world changed indeed, but only to include a wider circle of existence; for then we that were mortal took hold on immortality, and our corruption yearned as never before towards incorruptibility.



A Hilltop Resurrection

BY JAMES CHURCH ALVORD

Madame had elected to go by the stage; so I had the rapture of those six and a half miles up from Newport, N. H., to Goshen—I say "up" advisedly for it is a pull—all to myself. Because I had laughingly boasted that I could beat the stage driver over the steep ascent, I did it—in an hour and twenty minutes too. But even speed pressed to the endurance point, the slap of my sopping shirt across my back, the thud of my feet in the sand, couldn't blind me to the beauty of those two last miles into Goshen. The stage had long since dropped back into the invisible, the green trees met and arched into perfect Gothic overhead, Roaring Brook lifted up a solemn litany beneath which "the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang," while ever and anon the branches parted a space and Sunapee etched its long slope against the paling light of the eastern horizon.

Thus came I into Goshen, a straggling village of some dozen houses, so enringed with ragged summits that the mouth begins to chant, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," before the brain is fairly conscious of aught save the gasp of delight with which it welcomed its first view, a village dominated by the quaint loveliness of a church which smacks of the influence of Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones in every line. Surely if the theology of our ancestors was Calvinistic, their architecture was as intensely Roman and Renaissance! That night by the crackling fire at "Bowlby's" I listened to the unique modern history of that church.

The ancient history of the town and its sanctuary are but repetitions of the usual New England tale. For though the hamlet does flow with the honey-yellow of the golden rod, is showered with the milk of clematis, dripping over its gaunt stone walls; its charms have no more bound its inhabitants in than did those of its Biblical prototype. The farms have been abandoned, the homes fallen into decay; but two resident members are left of all the godly fellowship which once formed the church. With the years, varying influ-

ences, always from the outside—vital growth is from within—attempted aid to the dying church. In the nineties, while Rev. George Kenngott held his remarkable bishopric in Newport, it was grouped with Lempster and East Unity for regular preaching under the pastorate of Rev. J. Wildey. Since then Rev. M. T. Runnels, while settled at Croyden, held occasional services and did some parish visiting; but nothing like life has manifested itself for decades.

Then the summer visitor, lured by that same milk and honey of natural beauty with which the land does surely flow, began to come. Not the ordinary summerer, who patronizes the villagers, pokes fun at their ways, and returns home laden with a dozen stories of their quaintness—a creature abominated wherever he goes! This summer visitor proves a man and a brother. It may be that he is an unusual species; it may be that the men of Goshen are uncommonly likable and cultured—they are a fine type—it may just be that the Spirit of God moved amid the mountains. The results are Christlike. These incomers found a deplorable state of affairs, the church toppled out of line, the underpinning going fast, the foundation out of position, the belfry rocking in the wind, the roof all one leak, while inside, broken windows had conspired with the roof to render desolation more desolate, plastering down the carpeted aisles with a mortar compounded from the ragged ceiling and the rain; the lamps lay in splinters on the floor, long pannants of stucco waved an eerie welcome, while the "Moated Grange" itself did not more shrilly squeak with mice. No wonder conference and missionary society alike had written "hopeless" over against the name of Goshen!

Twenty people, half of them these newcomers, agreed to repair the church. There was no distinction from the outset. The farmer's wife left her butter and her cream, the girl from the metropolis doffed her dainty lingerie, the man on the roof forgot that he was native or imported, and all turned in to scrub, to hammer, to uplift. Much labor and material, as well as service were freely given, while the city-folk displayed their own peculiar order of talents by lecturing, giving concerts, and aiding at lawn parties. All but

\$60 of the subscription, however, came from the purses of the all-the-year-round-ers. All material was hauled from Newport gratis. The church is now in admirable repair, and enough is left of the \$500 to insure the much needed coat of paint for the outside. Rev. James Alexander of Boston, pastor at Newport a few years ago, to whose enthusiasm the work is largely indebted, has occupied the pulpit several times and the people are wild with anticipation of a permanent pastor in the future.

The wonderful uniqueness of the thing lies in the fellowship with which these people all meet on the common plane of work and friendship. The social gatherings, the lectures, the hammerings and the scrubblings, showed fifty souls with but a single thought, fifty hearts that beat as one. Summer visitors have before given generously to building funds, but none hitherto known to the writer have knelt blithely beside the mop pail or banged with the eager hammer. All, old and young, clergy and laity—I churned at the ice cream freezer ere I left—learned and unlearned, unite heart and hand in the good cause of the Master whose greatest delight was to make all one in him.

Woman's Board Friday Meeting

CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE, BOSTON, NOV. 16

Mrs. Joseph Cook presided, and from the opportunity which her home on Lake George gives her she presented a clear, verbal picture of Silver Bay and the various conferences which meet there.

Miss Alice H. Bushee gave an interesting account of the school established by Mrs. Gulick in San Sebastian and now located in Madrid—a school which the Woman's Board has carried on these many years, and which has made possible the International Institute for Girls in Spain. Miss Bushee had just come from Portland from the annual meeting of the Woman's Board, and her address was substantially what she had given there on the previous day. Those present who had come from that meeting were full of the inspiration there gained.

The Home and Its Outlook

For Thankfulness

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT

Joy came to sit in neighbor-wise
Beside my hearth today;
I bade her welcome, though her eyes
Made sign she could not stay.
"I bring you half a loaf," she said;
"It will be better than no bread."

Time was, I know, in sullen pet
I might have turned away
Resentfully—and yet—and yet
It is not so today;
Thankful, I gather up the crumbs
From any guest of God that comes.

Or crumb or loaf, full well I know
That my desert is less;
I aye receive, as on I go,
Enough for thankfulness.
My half-a-loaf, Lord, let me take;
Sweet is the bread that thou dost break.

THE ideal of Thanksgiving for many seems to be the enjoyment and acknowledgment of an unbroken felicity.

If they could have their own way absolutely they imagine that it would be easy to give thanks. Such a Thanksgiving seldom comes, even to a child, and is, of course, outside the field of practical experience for troubled mortals. There must be room in our gratitude for griefs and losses as well as hopes accomplished and gifts enjoyed. If, for example, the Pilgrims had waited for a day when all was going prosperously with them, our American Thanksgiving Day would never have been founded. We are not to praise God that all is happy, but that all is well. Our light of joy is not to be puffed out by a gust of trouble or dimmed by the fact that it is burning in a cheap or common lamp. Looking over a wide circle of acquaintance with thought of Thanksgiving observance, two people rise to view. The most ungrateful and unhappy person of them all is a woman who has had every gift of fortune lavished upon her. Hers will be a sad and weary day. The other has come through hard work and bitter sorrow to a life of service. She will join in the worship of the day with a feeling that God has been kind to her, not only above desert, but above his goodness to her neighbors. One cup will be bitter with the gall of self-pity; the other sweet with an unselfish and over-coming love.

HOW many of our readers can give the names of their eight great-grandparents? How many even could answer the simplest questions about their four grandparents?

Fostering the Family Spirit As families scatter and develop widely different interests the old clan feeling dies out, unless it is kept alive by frequent reunions and by ancestor worship of an enlightened sort. Fortunately now and then a family has a son or daughter with the true antiquarian enthusiasm for history and genealogy, and all the rest of the tribe reap the benefits. But most of us have to depend on Thanksgiving Day to foster our pride of family and to pass down the old traditions to the

coming generation. Then, if a true family party has assembled, is the time to climb the family tree, to recall the half-forgotten stories which will show the young folks the nature of the clan from which they spring. Why not deliberately set apart the afternoon for this purpose? Collect the old photographs and daguerreotypes from various branches, have clear, typewritten copies made of some of the choice old letters, bring together some of the portable heirlooms. Remember that family history is still in the making, and question the older folks about their past before it is too late.

Ghosts of Things Edible

BY ESTELLE M. HART

The specialist from New York gave the disease a Latin name to start with. It was a good beginning. It won my confidence. I knew that nobody had ever suffered as I had with any English malady.

"What the case needs," he said, with a judicial air, after a few questions, some well-directed punchings of my emaciated form, and some impressive seconds of professional deliberation, "is not so much medicine, as strict attention to diet for a long period. Nothing should be taken as food, for several months at least, but scraped beef, slightly cooked, and no liquid but hot water—plenty of hot water."

I paid his fee with cheerfulness, although it was, well—not to be too definite—it was several times larger than my annual contribution to the American Board; and began forthwith upon my prescribed diet.

For a while all went well. My sufferings were somewhat relieved, and I found the scraped meat, served in the form of neatly-made little cakes, slightly browned on the outside, very palatable.

At first they satisfied my appetite, but after a little, there suddenly came to my mind one day, the thought of how good a piece of lemon pie would taste. I could fairly see and smell that piece of pie; not the pale, lemon-cornstarch pie of modern days, but the old-fashioned lemon-and-raisin pie of my childhood, rich and mottled with grated fragments of the bitter peel. That was a pie to make one weep—when "on a diet!"

I decided that it was not a profitable subject for thought, and sternly turned my mind to other things.

We have all had the experience of being haunted by a strain of music, or a line of poetry, until its constant repetition became almost maddening. That lemon pie served me exactly the same trick. I waked up in the morning thinking of the rich, bitter-sweet taste of that coveted piece of pie; its mottled coloring intruded between me and the pages of the books I read, its odor filled my nostrils as I dropped to sleep at night.

After several days, the impression began to be less distinct, the ghost seemed to be slowly vanishing from my consciousness, but only to be succeeded by haunting memories of all the pies I had ever enjoyed in my youth—mince pies,

cocoanut pies, "plaid" cranberry pies, their lattice work tops showing the crimson filling, little apple turnovers, hot from the oven, with their brown, flaky crusts—they proved veritable imps of mischief, fairly flocking to my pillow at night—and green currant pies, most maddening of all!

Nor were my troubles over when I had laid the ghosts of all the kinds of pie that I had ever tasted.

There followed a long train of indigestible edibles that haunted me persistently, in spite of all efforts of the will to ignore them. These ghosts were always of the most robust sort—no delicate little sprites of the jelly and whipped cream family—those wouldn't have been so disheartening; for there was a chance of my really encountering them in the flesh in due season.

It was curious, too, that the things I most longed for were not the dishes that I had been accustomed to consider as remarkably desirable of later years, but were almost always those that I had enjoyed in the unsophisticated days of my youth, before hygienic living had become the despair of epicures and the delight of manufacturers of prepared and predigested foods. A ham omelet, the pink meat chopped fine and mixed with the golden and brown puffiness of the egg, tormented me for days.

One redeeming feature about the conduct of my ghosts was that they almost always appeared singly. If a whole seven-course dinner of delicious proscribed edibles had presented itself to my imagination at one time, I think I should have become insane.

The ham omelet stepped off the stage to be followed by a plate of sausages—such sausages as my grandmother used to make, well seasoned with sage, and fried brown. How the savory odor would fill the house on a snapping cold morning! Doughnuts, hot from the kettle and dropped in powdered sugar, soon followed on the list; baked beans and brown bread were not far behind.

Special childish delights—playful little ghosts that were not so horribly persistent as some of their grown-up relatives—sporting about in my fancy at intervals; delicate little cup cakes, as light as a feather, coated with white frosting, plentifully besprinkled with pink and yellow candy mites, such as my mother always made for me at Christmas and for my birthday parties; Aunt Mary's saucer mince pies, stuffed full of citron for my especial delectation; Aunt Kate's currant jelly tarts, miracles of red and white beauty; and the marvelous sailor boy crullers that good-natured Ann, the cook, used to fry for me. How rich I had been in kind friends in my infancy!

One day, when I was much interested in reading a book on psychology and supposed my mind to be employed in realms far removed from the sphere of eating and drinking, a new ghost suddenly intruded itself upon my consciousness. I couldn't quite place it at first—this suggestion of a taste, rich and sweet, and mingled with the taste of something indescribably light and appetizing and hot. What was it? Ah, I had it! My father

used to bring it home in a small stone jug—molasses sugar! When had I even thought of it, and of the sour milk gridle cakes, so delicate and light, upon which we used to spread its creamy richness? That was one of the most tantalizing of all my ghosts. Psychology, forsooth! What were the joys of mind or spirit compared with a good satisfying meal of hot cakes and molasses sugar!

The specialist was right. I got better in time. Scraped meat was succeeded by juicy chops and steak, and an occasional egg. But it slowly dawned upon my hungry mind that as long as I lived I should probably never indulge with impunity in all the dainties, rich and indigestible, which had haunted me by night and day during those months of extreme limitation in diet.

Life has become reasonably enjoyable. I am interested in many problems to do with living in this world and the next. I find, however, that one hope clings to me, with which I have no reason to think the students of the new theology would have full sympathy—excepting such of them as may have to live "on a diet"—and that is, of an intermediate state, to follow this earthly existence, in which the dyspeptics of this present life may enjoy a few good square meals, before they pass into the realms of pure spirit.

A Fable of Praise

A plant grew up in the spring, and spread its leaves and looked abroad, rejoicing in its life.

"To grow!" said the plant. "To be beautiful, and gladden the eyes of those who look on me: this is life. The Giver of it be praised!"

Now the plant budded and blossomed: lovely the blossoms were, and sweet, and men plucked them joyfully.

"This is well!" said the plant. "To send beauty and fragrance hither and thither, to sweeten the world even a little, this is life: the Giver of it be praised!"

Autumn came, and the plant stood lonely, yet at peace. "One cannot always be in blossom!" it said. "One has done what one could, and a little is part of the whole."

By and by came a gatherer of herbs, and cut the green leaves from the plant. "They are good for bruises," he said; "or distilled, their juice may heal an inward wound."

The plant heard and rejoiced. "To heal!" it said. "That is even better than to gladden the eyes. The Giver of this too be praised!"

Now it was winter. The dry stalk stood in the field, and crackled with the frost, its few remaining leaves clinging black and shrivelled about it.

"All is over now," said the plant. "There must be an end to everything."

But now came a poor soul shivering with the cold, and took the dry plant and carried it to his home; and breaking it in pieces, laid the fragments on his naked hearth and set fire to them. Puff! the dry stalks crackled into flame and blazed up merrily, filling the room with light and warmth.

"And is this death?" said the plant. "The Giver of all be praised."—*Laura E. Richards, in The Silver Crown (Little, Brown & Co.).*

Tangles

[For the leisure hour recreation of old and young. Any reader who can contribute odd and curious enigmas, etc., of a novel and interesting kind is invited to do so, addressing the Puzzle Editor of The Congregationalist.]

89. MORE ICES

You could not sure afford them all,
With ice so high in summer time;
But now when comes the frosty fall,
A dozen more may go—in rhyme!

1. One ice means joy which all may find;
2. The next means sorrow to the mind;
3. A kind of ice which means a whim;
4. And ice beneath a helmet grim;
5. One ice is clothed in churchly dress;
6. One serves a gambler, as you'll guess;
7. One, strictly, is not ice at all;
8. One act of will is free for all;
9. One happy act of child and bird;
10. One ice is never seen, but heard;
11. All these you'll answer in a *****;
12. One more's enough—it must *****.

MR. MARTIN.

90. A PROOF-SHEET

B 2 C 7 A
A C 2 B
9 7 C A B
6 C 9 C 2
A 2 9 8 8 C
B 2 C 7 A
C 6 2 0 6 2 B B

Tommy, the office boy, has not yet fully learned the printers' case, and his attempt to set up a little problem in multiplication yielded this proof. Can you correct it? BENNIE.

92. BIBLE STUDY

The initials of the correct answers spell what one must do to find the answers.

1. Who was the first Christian martyr? 2. Who was the father of Methuselah? 3. At what city were the disciples first called Christians? 4. Who faithfully served her mother-in-law? 5. At what city was Christ's first miracle performed? 6. Who caused the death of all children under two years of age? 7. What city by the sea was famous for her merchandise? 8. What was the seventh Egyptian plague? 9. Who went to heaven in a whirlwind? 10. Who was the first Judge of Israel? 11. On what island did Saul leave Titus? 12. Through what sea did the Israelites make a miraculous passage? 13. Who is called the evangelical prophet? 14. Who was released from prison by an angel? 15. In what city was Saint Paul born? 16. Of what country was Abraham a native? 17. Who was Jacob's firstborn? 18. What queen saved her people from destruction? 19. Who was killed by his hostess while he slept?

E. F.

ANSWERS

84. 1. Chile. 2. Jackson. 3. Austin. 4. Augusta. 5. Virginia. 6. Tibet. 7. Pierre. 8. China. 9. Maine. 10. Turkey. 11. Lima. 12. Greece. 13. Florence. 14. Mochea. 15. Providence. 16. Madison. 17. Lincoln. 18. Bismarck. 19. Wheeling. 20. Iowa. 21. Little Rock. 22. Cologne. 23. Cork. 24. Pekin. 25. New Guinea. 26. Tombstone. 27. Los Angeles. 28. Idaho. 29. Buffalo. 30. Tacoma. 31. Concord. 32. Martha's Vineyard. 33. Catskill Mountains. 34. Nice.
85. Ere, heir, air.
86. 1. Incur, in, curs. 2. Alas, a, lass. 3. Intent, in, tents. 4. Legend, leg, ends. 5. Novice, no, vices. 6. Denmark, den, marks.
87. Because they cant.
88. The Congregationalist and Christian World.

Excellent answers were those of: A. W. D., Waterbury, Ct., to 80, 81, 82, 83; C. S. F., Framingham, Mass., 80, 82, 83; G. R. A., Pawtucket, R. I., 80, 82.

A tangle from Mr. Martin—a very neat one it is indeed—is an unexpected pleasure. And we had never suspected that he is a tangler, so busy has he been in clearing away tangles!

Closet and Altar

THANKFULNESS

Unto Thee, O my Strength, will I sing praises: for God is my high tower, the God of my lovingkindness.

We do thank God for most of the uncommon blessings. A sudden danger, a sharp sickness, brings us so close to the great realities that God seems nearer to us than usual. When the danger is passed or the crisis of the disease is reached and safely turned, we think of God, and the grateful feelings of our heart find expression at our lips. But we ought to thank God also for all the daily blessings, for our health, friends, food and raiment, and all the other comforts and conveniences of life, for all the manifold mercies and lovingkindnesses of him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.—*George Hodges.*

Annihilate not the mercies of God by the oblivion of ingratitude. Let thy diaries stand thick with dutiful mementos and asterisks of acknowledgment.—*Thomas Browne.*

Whether or not you have enjoyed what you have had this week has depended chiefly, not upon what you have had, but upon you. And if you have not had this you have had that, and the insignificant "that" might have been the greatest of all blessings to you if you had only been prepared to make it so. Truly it is a grand art, meaning happiness and peace, to learn to count our treasures worthily.—*George T. Dowling.*

All the world of the beautiful and of art is but a single rose thrown over the garden wall as but a little hint of the infinite riches of the life of God.—*Henry C. King.*

Dearer the gift for the giver's love!
So in each song of harvest praise
We set the Father's care above
All wealth from autumn days.

Dearer the giver than the gift!
If great or small our harvest store
For this our gratitude is swift—
The Father's love is more.

Thou loving source of all we own!
Glory and light of all we see!
We would not crave Thy gifts alone:
For what we need is Thee.

—*Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

Thou hast dealt bountifully with us, O God, and our hearts return to Thee in gratitude for all Thy lovingkindness. From Thee come unexpected mercies, like sunlight through the cloud; and the common, daily blessings that require our praise. Thanks be unto Thee, our Father, that Thou art ever with us and that we are not left without a refuge for our heart's desire of home and love. For our spread table and secure repose; for peace and strength and hope; for comfort in distress and courage to venture and to overcome; for the fellowships of home and work, the opportunities of knowledge and the beauty of the earth; for Thy call to service and the great example of our Lord, we bring our glad thanksgiving. Help us to live as becometh Thy dear children and give us a part in Thy great work.

For the Young Folks



A Mistake.

See these weeping Noah's Ark toys,
 Noah, his wife and little boys.
 They have heard the mistress say,
 Asked what meat she'd have to-day,
 "HAM!" Poor Shem! Poor Japhet too!
 Noah and wife and Ham — boohoo!

The Thanksgiving Prize

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

Sheila's face was very long for such a broad little face. There were traces of late tears on it and premonitions of tears to come.

"O, dear—O, dear—O, dear!" sighed Sheila. She was really very unhappy. Wouldn't any one be whose mother was in the hospital the morning of Thanksgiving?

She missed her mother and she was going to miss her Thanksgiving dinner. She had been to walk past Sylvie Deane's house and smelled warm, beautiful smells coming out of the kitchen window—she had heard Lennie Mitchell tell how many pies there were in his grandmother's pantry. And Beatrice Page had told her their turkey was all roasted and the cranberry jelly molded into darling little shapes.

"O, dear—O, dear!"

"O, dear—O, dear!" echoed Trottie in just the same tone. She had almost forgotten him—why, of course, Trottie missed Mother and was going to miss Thanksgiving, too! A sudden wave of pity rolled over Sheila's heart. She patted the window-seat next to her and Trottie came and sat down.

"It's awful, isn't it?" she said gloomily.

"O, dear—O, dear!" wailed Trottie because of the awfulness of it. Their troubles flowed together and made one trouble doubly large. Mary Ellen came through the door and smiled down at them cheerily—Mary Ellen was always cheery.

"Hity-tity!" Mary Ellen cried, "It's getting so damp in here I'm afraid you'll get cold! If you had your rubbers on and an umbrella!"

But the children did not laugh. Mary Ellen tried again.

"You look as if today was Fast Day instead of Thanksgiving!"

"It isn't going to be Thanksgiving to us," lamented Sheila.

"Isn't? And your ma getting well and

queen's pudding for dinner!" Mary Ellen held up shocked hands.

"With raisins in?" demanded Trottie with sudden interest.

"Raisins? Didn't I stone two cupsful? And isn't there going to be a plate of 'em on their stems, besides? And a secret for dinner, too?"

Trottie picked up his spirits, but not Sheila. Queen's pudding was all right as far as it went, but it went such a little way! It wasn't turkey with chestnut stuffing, was it? Nor darling little cranberry jellies, nor pies and pies and pies in your mother's pantry.

"O, dear!" Sheila's woe came back.

"I know something!" Mary Ellen said briskly. "You listen to me! You each o' you get a sheet o' paper and a pencil and make a list of the things you've got to be thankful for, and the one that gets the most things will have a prize—I promise you a prize. It's kind of a game—want to play it?"

Yes, they both wanted to play it. It sounded interesting.

"But you ought to give the prize to the littlest list o' things," smiled Sheila sadly, "then I'd get it for I haven't much of anything to be thankful for."

"No, for the longest one," Mary Ellen said firmly. "But if it's a tie you can have the prize together—a half apiece."

She went after two sheets of paper and two pencils and two magazines for rests. Her kind, homely face was shining with something pleasant she was thinking.

"Print the words carefully and spell 'em right—those are the only rules and regulations. One, two, three—begin!"

But both pencils halted in air. What single thing had they to be thankful for? Mary Ellen went back to her work. "Time's up at twelve o'clock," she warned.

Trottie's plump face betrayed the ravages of deep thought. Suddenly it light-

ened with relief. He wrote two words hastily on his blank sheet. They were, oddly enough, the same two Sheila was writing down. "Kween's puding," began both lists. It wasn't a regular Thanksgiving dinner, but it was good. Mary Ellen made beautiful "kween's puddings."

Sheila's eyes roved the landscape thoughtfully. Suddenly her pencil flew to the paper. *Why!* the idea of forgetting that! "Mamma's getting well," she wrote, and drew black lines under each word to make it the very thankfulest thing of all. A warm, happy feeling swept over Sheila and crowded out all the troubles and disappointments. "Now let's see what next!" she said blithely.

Out of the house across the street came old Miss Cordelia leaning on her niece's arm. Miss Cordelia was blind.

"Eyes," wrote Sheila, rapidly.

Sylvie Deane had said *she* was going to be thankful for her new dress—and no wonder! She had taken Sheila upstairs to see it. It was a silk dress and had rows of cunning ruffles on it. Sheila wished she could write "new silk dress" in her list of things-to-be-thankful-for. But she was going to keep right on wearing her old one; Grandma was letting it down. There was a very deep hem—it was nice there was a deep hem; she was thankful for that—*Why!*

"Deap Hem," wrote Sheila, smiling. It was really a very pretty dress and would let down splendidly.

Other thoughts began to come thick and fast. It was nice to be able to run—Beatrice Page couldn't on account of her hip. It must be dreadful to have a hip. Then it was perfectly beautiful to hear nice sounds and smell nice smells—nice warm ones, coming out of kitchen windows the day before Thanksgiving! It was beautiful to have doctors and hospitals to cure folks—*mothers*. To have a new tooth coming in the ugly little front hole—to have a Mary Ellen while Mamma was gone, instead of a scoldy Nora like Sylvie's—to be the best speller at school.

Trottie was thinking, too, and writing words down in his thankful-list. His cramped little fingers moved slowly, but his thoughts were as quick as Sheila's.

"This is fun, isn't it?" he said once. "Who do you s'pose will get the prize, Sheila?"

But Sheila was too absorbed in the little game to notice.

"Time's up!"

It was Mary Ellen's cheerful voice in the open door.

"O," sighed Sheila, "I know I could have thought of lots more."

"Me, too," sighed little Trottie.

The two lists as Mary Ellen read them were like this:

SHEILA'S	TROTTIE'S
Kween's puding.	Kween's puding
Mammas getting well.	Kites
Eyes.	Mamma
A Deap Hem.	gravie
Not to have a Hip.	pappa.
Ears.	Mary Ellen.
Noses.	rasens in.
docters and hospitlles.	Pants.
New tooth.	windos.
Mary Ellen.	snow.
That ime the.	grammuthers
best speler.	

Mary Ellen read them twice, as though she found them interesting. A light came creeping into her good, plain face when she read her own name in both little lists. Bless 'em—bless 'em!

"It's a tie!" she announced. "Both o' you have the same number of thanks—eleven apiece. So you can have the prize together, each o' you half. It's down to your grandmother's all ready for you. I'll go down with you and carry the pudding, so we can stay to dinner if she asks us. I kind of feel as if she would!"

"You said there was going to be a secret for dinner, too," reminded Trottie, and Mary Ellen nodded.

"Yes—that's down there too. I'll put on my things and you put on yours and then we'll go."

"It was nearly a mile and they crunched happily along through the snow. The game they had been playing had left them in good spirits.

At Grandmother's the prize was waiting for them—and it was Mamma! Mamma, pale and thin, but holding out her arms to them! It was such a beautiful, beautiful prize to share together, half apiece!

And there was a Thanksgiving dinner, too. Grandmother had it all ready for them. And the "secret" was Aunt Nell and the two cousins that just "matched" Sheila and Trottie.

"O!" breathed Sheila in a long, long breath, her cheek against the dear thin one of the Prize. "And first we thought we weren't going to have anything to be thankful for."

"Yes, we did—I'm ashamed of us," echoed Trottie severely.

Then he felt soft fingers running through his hair and there was Mamma smiling down, and he forgot everything but the Thanksgiving in his full little soul. His eyes met Sheila's and the same thought crept across the little bridge of understanding between them. O, eyes were good and ears, and legs that would run—kites and queen's puddings and raisins in—windows and pants and Mary Ellens—but nothing in all the world was as good as mothers!

"They're the best," crept over the bridge to Sheila.

"O very best!" came creeping back.

A Thanksgiving Day Grace

(Tune, *Auld Lang Syne*)

BY REV. WILLIAM L. CURTIS, NIIGATA, JAPAN

Once more around this festal board
We come Thy name to praise,
And thank Thee for Thy goodness, Lord,
That crowneth all our days:
For life and health and daily food,
For friends and kindred dear,
For all the way Thy hand hath led
Throughout another year.

Be with us still, O Lord, to bless,
In all the years to come,
And sanctify to us, we pray,
The joys of hearth and home.
May thought and word and deed express
The love we owe to Thee,
And thus may every day of life
A glad Thanksgiving be.

Gratitude is life's sweetest pleasure.—
Martin Luther.

The Professor's Chair

By Henry Churchill King, President Oberlin College

This department is confined to questions of the ethical and religious life, and of philosophical and theological thinking. In the necessary choice among the questions submitted, the interests of the largest number of readers are had in mind. Questions may be sent to Dr. King, care of The Congregationalist, or directly to Oberlin, O.

299. 1. *Must we really live ultimately alone? It often seems as if no one could share with us our deepest thought and feeling. Is this a wholesome belief to have?* 2. *What is character? Can one point out its definite details?* 3. *How wide a "circle of permanent interests" can one have consistently with sincerity of interest and with thoroughness? Is it better to have a few permanent interests completely mastered or many permanent interests partially mastered?*—E. P. S. (New York.)

1. In much, undoubtedly, we must ultimately live alone. The experience of life makes it only too plain that our capacity for self-disclosure, in the first place, is very limited. The inescapable isolation of the self grows upon us. Even to the nearest and dearest we do reveal, we can reveal, but a fraction of our selves. The very possibility, indeed, of a worthwhile personality that should make friendship of value depends on the carefully guarded sanctity of the individuality, with its own unique qualities, its own individual responsibilities. In the very midst of the complexities of our social life, therefore, and even in the quietness of our closest intimacies, the solitude of the human soul is profound. As Horton puts it: "This rigid and necessary isolation of the human heart, along with such a deep rooted desire for sympathy, is one of the most perplexing paradoxes of our nature; and, though we know well that it is a fact, we are constantly rediscovering it with a fresh surprise." These facts seem to me simply to mean that our finite powers, both of self-disclosure and of the understanding of others, fail us and we cry out for a knowledge of us that surpasses our power to reveal, and a personal revelation that we can trust without reserve. We are driven to God. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that while there is this ultimately final isolation, it is still true that acquaintance with another can also grow indefinitely.

2. I suppose that, strictly speaking, our character must be said to lie in our will attitudes. These will attitudes, however, of course work out more and more upon all else in us and tend gradually to mold our entire being into harmony with our choices.

3. The number of interests that can be wisely taken on will vary, no doubt, considerably with the individual. That number, in the nature of the case, can hardly be indefinite. The great point is to keep the open mind. Knowledge in any sphere must be something more than merely superficial, it should be noticed, in order that any definite interest may be aroused. In that sense, I should say that it is better to have a few permanent interests completely mastered than many partially mastered; for those known only superficially could hardly arouse a large permanent interest.

300. *Is it customary now among Congregational churches to require members in joining the church to assent to the creed either publicly or privately? Is it wise to do so? Is there any sanction in the New Testament for such a course?*—J. S. G. (Michigan.)

This question has been touched upon before in this department and I need make, therefore, but a very brief answer. I am not able to say with certainty what the prevalent custom is, but I suppose that it is probable that the majority of Congregational churches are asking for assent to some creed. My own feeling is that the Church, as the body of Christ's disciples, should be willing to admit

to its membership any concerning whom it is confident that they mean to be first and foremost disciples of Christ. I should, therefore, prefer to ask for only such creedal assent as was inevitably involved in a practical covenant of discipleship to Christ. That much, certainly, would have the full sanction of New Testament usage. The baptismal formula, for example, is a formula of initiation into the church and involves the assertion of the great fundamental Christian verities.

301. 1. *Of what value as an argument for the existence of God, is the fact that man has a perception of abstract truth, a perception of the beautiful, a perception of the good?* 2. *Is there a philosophical term for such a mode of reasoning?* 3. *What reading would be helpful along this line?*—P. E. T. (Minnesota.)

1. The simple fact that man has, as an indubitable part of his mental constitution, the sense of truth, the sense of beauty and the sense of duty, and the further fact that his constitution is not self-bestowed, do naturally raise the question of the source of these ideals; and these facts become thus a not unnatural argument for a source not less high and significant than man himself.

2. Such an argument is one form among many in which the mind expresses its search for ultimate unity and perfection.

3. Almost any of the standard works on the philosophy of religion deal in some form with this argument. One of the most suggestive books dealing with the theistic argument and following, to a certain extent, the line of argument under discussion, is Professor Bowne's *Theism*. The essence of his argument is perhaps contained in this brief quotation: "Life is richer and deeper than speculation, and contains implicitly the principles by which we live. The law the logician lays down is this: Nothing may be believed which is not proved. The law the mind actually follows is this: Whatever the mind demands for the satisfaction of its subjective interests and tendencies may be assumed as real in default of positive disproof." "In this way a series of ideals arise in our mental life. As cognitive, we assume that the universe is rational. . . . Thus there arises in our thought the conception of a system in which all is light, a system whose foundations are laid in harmony, and whose structure is rational law, a system every part of which is produced and maintained and illumined by the majestic and eternal Reason. But this is only a cognitive ideal, to which experience yields little support; yet we hold fast the ideal and set aside the facts which make against it as something not yet comprehended." "But we are moral beings also, and our moral interests must be recognized. Hence arises a moral ideal, which we join to the cognitive. The universe must be not only rational, but righteous at its root." "Finally, we are religious, and our entire nature works together to construct the religious ideal. The intellect brings its ideal; and the conscience brings its ideal; and the affections bring their ideal; and these, together with whatever other thought of perfection we may have, are united into the thought of the one Perfect Being, the ideal of ideals, the supreme and complete, to whom heart, will, conscience and intellect alike may come and say, 'Thy kingdom come; thy will be done.' Here, as in the previous cases, we do not ignore the facts which make against the view; but we set them aside as things to be explained, yet which must not in any way be allowed to weaken our faith."

Henry Churchill King.

The Literature of the Day

John Calvin

"I have taught faithfully and God has given me grace to write. I have done it with the utmost fidelity and have not to my knowledge corrupted or twisted a single passage of the Scriptures; and when I could have drawn out a far fetched meaning if I had studied subtilty, I have put that under foot and have always studied simplicity. I have written nothing through hatred against any one, but have always set before me faithfully what I have thought to be for the glory of God."

These are the words near the end of life of one of the most influential leaders of the world's thought, an eminently determined and single-minded man. Calvin, as it has often been remarked, was like Paul, feeble in body but great in soul. He put his stamp upon Geneva, on Protestant Britain, America, Holland, France, Hungary and half Germany by force of intellect and fire of conviction. One may think him wrong—one may even, as many Roman Catholics do, think that he was possessed of a devil—but the clear verdict of history is that there was no man of his time, with the possible exception of Martin Luther, who wrote himself so deeply upon the history of the world. He made Geneva the school of the great teachers of the Reformation. He shaped a militant and conquering philosophy of Christian truth. His thought is still one of the great tendencies to be reckoned with in religious philosophy.

Such a man is certain to have bitter enemies as well as warm defenders and the time for impartial study of his life and work has only barely come. And such an impartial, thoroughgoing and yet popular biography as Prof. Williston Walker has prepared as a number of the Heroes of the Reformation series is a real and timely service. Its judicial tone does not exclude a sympathetic understanding of Calvin's strength and weakness, of his great aims and achievements and of the inevitable shadow side of his theocracy in its practical and social working. It needs a descendant of the Puritans—themselves pupils of Calvin in Church and State—to enter into the ideal of such a theocracy; while broad learning and tolerance are required to state fairly its relations to the world in which it conquered itself wide influence and a stable place. To this must be added a balanced estimate, both of private character and of intellectual quality and attainment. No further praise of the book is needed than to say that Professor Walker admirably fills these complex requirements.

There are two ways of regarding a great

man in biography. One takes him as a single factor in the movement of the life and thought of his own and following times and makes his figure relatively small and that background large. The other takes for granted the reader's familiarity with the world-picture and draws the man himself in full life size and exact detail. Professor Walker wisely chooses the latter method, so gaining room for enrichment of detail and concentration of interest upon the central figure. The book is not less rich upon the side of Calvin's writings than upon the side of his experiences and activities. Its appeal to students and serious readers is of deliberate purpose; it is not an essay in easy popularization. The ideal is well

eous element into the atmosphere which somehow transforms the folly, unreasonableness and selfishness of men into clear-sighted brotherliness and joy in self-sacrifice. The moral atmosphere is changed by the common consent of everybody to put away childish differences and self-interests and combine for the general good.

At the moment of the catastrophe Britain and Germany are at war and the man who tells the story is following his successful rival in love with knife and pistol, intent upon murder. The social absurdities, industrial follies, political lunacies and unnecessary hardships of our present social state are drawn with clear vision and unsparing satire which extends to all departments of human life. Almost the first work of the new age after the re-establishment of peace, for example, is the demolition of most of the present ugly and inconvenient buildings of the world.

The opening story is graphic enough, but the real interest of this striking book lies in the moral and social contrasts between the present world as it exists in the knowledge of us all, and the new world of kindness and good sense, as Mr. Wells imagines it in his comet-wrought Utopia.

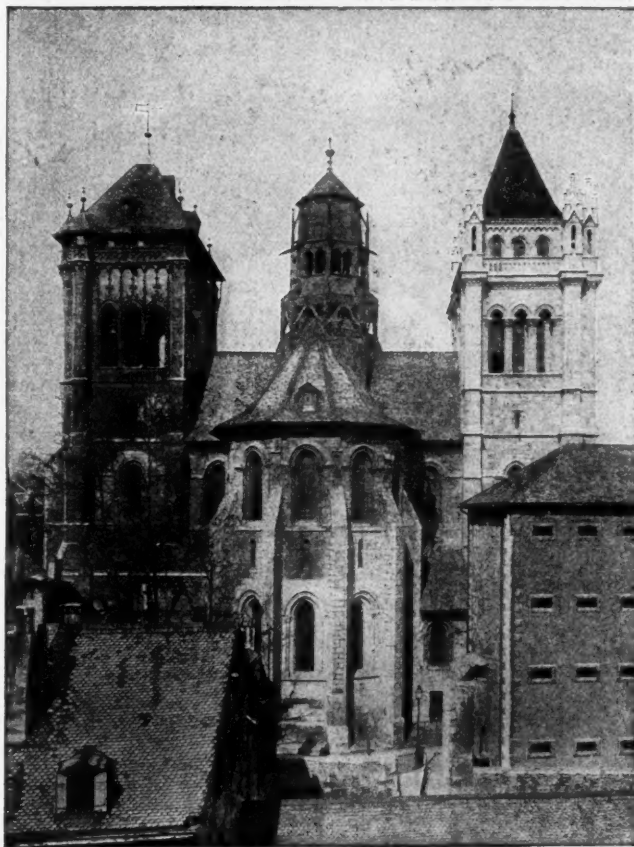
[In *the Days of the Comet*, by H. G. Wells. pp. 378. Century Co. \$1.50.]

Charles Godfrey Leland

Leland's service to the nation as a working journalist and writer of effective prose, during the trying times of the War between the States, has been rather overshadowed by his fame as humorist and his reputation as a student and interpreter of folklore, of odd corners of human nature and of strange tongues. He was known as Hans Breitmann, the drunken Ger-

man American hummer and philosopher, or as the Gypsy and magician, where his more serious work as a linguist and student was little recognized. The very breadth of his interests, the enthusiasm of his manner and the voluminousness of his writings in a certain way put him at a disadvantage in public estimation.

His niece, Mrs. Pennell, in the two volumes of his biography, depicts him in many rôles, but first of all succeeds in showing us something of the personal charm which all his life long made him hosts of friends and in its unusual exhibitions excited a wondering curiosity. He had the knack—one hardly knows by what other word to describe it—of falling upon strange characters and adventures. The gypsies, whom he loved and understood, made him welcome everywhere. In Florence he found himself on the track of the surviving magic which has



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TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT GENEVA

From John Calvin

shown in the sub-title, John Calvin, the Organizer of Reformed Protestantism. Everything about such a man is significant and all sides of his career are suggestively interpreted in this critical biography.

[John Calvin, by Prof. Williston Walker. pp. 456. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.]

In the Days of the Comet

Mr. Wells never wearies of projecting his imagination far into the future, and reconstructing human society upon certain lines of progress or decadence. His new and striking story, *In the Days of the Comet*, really belongs in the group of literary Utopias. It is a picture not of physical or mechanical change but of mental regeneration. The plot is simple and improbable enough—the contact of a comet with the earth infuses a new gas-

outlived a millennium and a half of repressive Christianity and which he traced back in its words and charms to the old worship of the Etruscans. From Negro, Indian, the wandering tinker of the English byways, and the thieves of the city streets, he won their inmost hidden secrets. He believed that he had recovered a background of romance for every New England hill and valley from the folklore of the Algonquins. He was middleman between the lowest and most learned and, with a quick eye for values, detected the relations of apparently unrelated things and made them serve his own curiosity and the knowledge of the world.

From the still life of old Philadelphia, through the experience of college at Princeton, where his wings fluttered against narrow bars, through student life in Germany, which he did much to make familiar to Americans, in the trials of a literary man in the unliterary America of the middle of the nineteenth century and in the hard work of the journalist, we follow him in Mrs. Pennell's appreciative pages to that long period of self-chosen exile when he made his home in Florence and only now and then renewed acquaintance with America. We meet many of the interesting people of his generation and find interesting side-lights on the political and literary history of the times. The story will whet the appetite for study of some at least of the many publications of a man of so many and such unusual interests.

[Charles Godfrey Leland, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. 2 vols. pp. 420, 471. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00.]

Sophy of Kravonia

Anthony Hope's new story has both distinction and charm. In the variety of his work it belongs with *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Its field is once more the field of romance, and again in an imaginary kingdom. The heroine is an English girl of force and simplicity of character who becomes the plaything of fortune in England, in Paris and in the imaginary Eastern European realm where for a brief time her personality becomes the pivot of court intrigue and national history. His aim of heightening the contrasts of her career leads the author rather unnecessarily, we think, to push her down in the beginning to the position of scullery maid. And he puts before her a sudden choice between two ways in life, one of which would have made her a stage queen, while the other leads her to the momentary occupation of a real throne. All through the story Sophy is represented both as a strong and masterful personality and as the victim of a fate which makes her love fatal to her lovers.

On the whole, the story is maturer and stronger than *The Prisoner of Zenda* and leaves behind it a more vivid sense of reality. With a commendable self-

restraint the author makes the scene of action sufficiently distinct without elaboration of detail and the relations of the characters clear without obtrusive psychological analysis. The superstition of the wealthy and idle rich is well pictured and becomes one of the determining factors in Sophy's history. And the prince, her Kravonian lover, is powerfully drawn. The strength of the romance is in this directness and simplicity of impression, both in plot and character-drawing.

[*Sophy of Kravonia*, by Anthony Hope. pp. 332. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.]

RELIGION

The Life of Christ Without-Within, by Henry Ward Beecher. pp. 102. Harper & Bros. \$1.00.
Two related sermons representing Mr. Beecher



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From *A Wanderer in London*

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER BY FRANS HALS

at his best. The first approaches the life of our Lord as it appeared to his contemporaries; the second connects it directly with his own life purpose. The page decorations and cover are in purple.

The Incoming Millions, by Howard B. Grose. pp. 212. F. H. Revell Co. 50 cents.

The fourth of the interdenominational series of home mission text-books. It describes the invading armies of the immigrants, the sifting process at the gates and the life which many of them lead in America and follows all by an account of some of the Americanizing processes and the efforts of women in their missionary societies.

The Evolution of Immortality, by C. T. Stockwell. pp. 190. Jas. H. West Co., Boston.

One of the propositions of the author is that the highest function of this stage of our existence is to evolve a still higher and more complex material organism—a spiritual body. The main purpose of the work is to discover suggestive analogies in physical science especially in embryological life, that may be considered "prophetic of conscious individual existence after what is called death." This fourth edition contains a final chapter, "aftermath" which considers some conclusions of science reached since the work first appeared. On the whole, the little book is as suggestive, in its field, as anything which has appeared since John Fluke's lectures.

The Outline of the History of Israel in Three Periods, prepared by Joseph F. Fielden. Paper. pp. 48. Printed for the author. Winchendon, Mass.

A condensed summary in fourteen lessons of Old and New Testament history, for the use of Bible students. Interpretations are given in brief notes, intended to suggest further studies. Every attempt as thoroughly carried out as this is, helps toward improved and more effective methods of Bible study in homes and Sunday schools.

TRAVEL

A Wanderer in London, by E. V. Lucas. pp. 307. Macmillan Co. \$1.75 net.

The mysterious charm of London finds a new and intelligent expositor in Mr. Lucas. Though not a native, he is a true though discriminating lover of the vast and varied life of the town and the traditions of its streets and buildings. The tourist will find a sympathetic companion, the mere reader will not soon tire of these delightful pages. The author's tastes run in the lines of present social interests as well as of historical incident and art. To the latter he gives much space, both in description and appreciation and also in the many good reproductions of paintings in the public galleries. In addition to these there are color plates of street scenes and buildings of unusual beauty.

Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies, by William T. Hornaday, Sc. D. pp. 353. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.00 net.

Mr. Hornaday was tempted by the success of his hunt in British Columbia to book-making, a result which works out to the profit and pleasure of the reader. He describes in a conversational and intimate way his experience with and studies of the wild animals of the region, especially the mountain goats and grizzly bears. The pictures by John M. Phillips are examples both of the progress of photography, and of the courage and skill which are necessary to show us the wild creatures in their natural surroundings. The book teems with suggestions for the traveler and records of unusual experiences.

The Stones of Paris in History and Letters, by Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin. pp. 581. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Prepared for the more thoughtful visitor who desires to be a student of local associations in literature and art. The authors cover the ground with careful diligence, and have brought together much interesting material. The illustrations include many good portraits and unfamiliar glimpses of scenes and buildings. The book is worth study, and will enlarge interest of the sojourner in Paris, or reward the stay-at-home traveler.

A Book of the Rhine, by S. Baring Gould. pp. 345. Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

A detailed history of the Rhine cities from Cleve to Mainz, told briefly, yet with a recognition of the picturesque in descriptions of land and personalities. Eight illustrations in color and many others in black and white help to make the book attractive.

Baedeker's Northern Italy. pp. 592. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.40 net.

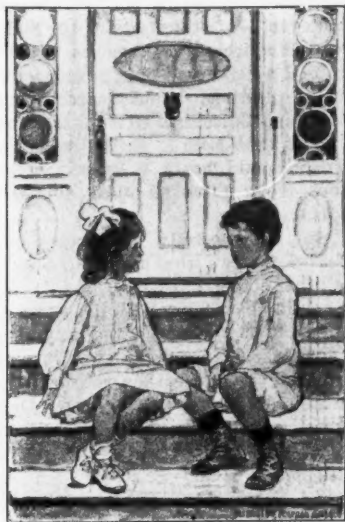
These famous guide-books are kept closely up to date. This is the thirteenth remodeled edition, in one of the most interesting fields of travel.

HOUSEHOLD INTERESTS

Food Materials and Their Adulterations, by Ellen H. Richards. pp. 176. Whitcomb & Barrows, Boston. \$1.00 net.

A helpful and altogether trustworthy little manual which comes to us in a timely, new and largely rewritten edition. Mrs. Richards knows how to put her scientific knowledge at the service of the housekeeper and this book contains a great store of simple, condensed information which will enable the provider to purchase intelligently and to know in what

direction to be suspicious of the different foods on the market. She shows how by observation, knowledge of general principles and simple chemical tests one may know whether she is paying for pure or adulterated spices, baking powders, infants' foods, etc., what precautions to take in regard to canned goods, how to purchase cereals economically, etc. The wide circulation of such literature will do more than legislation to protect our foods and our purses.



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Harper & Bros.

From *The Very
Small Person*

The Happy Family, by George Hodges. pp. 41. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net. We have read with enthusiasm this choice little book which treats in a fresh way of the old problems of family life and, without a trace of "preachiness," is full of kindly counsel as well as sympathetic understanding. Women will be helped by this man's point of view of the business of being a wife and a mother. The stimulating chapter on *The Business of Being a Father* holds up an ideal possible even for the busiest man.

Crumbs and His Mother, by Dolores Bacon. pp. 173. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00. The unorthodox manner in which a mother brought up her son during the first seven years of his life and the deep love and good comradeship which developed between them are told with delightful frankness and give much food for reflection. While few would care to adopt her methods, yet they throw much light on the difficult problems which confront every mother in the first years of her child's life.

The Distractions of Martha, by Marion Harland. pp. 223. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25. Given a bride who was totally inexperienced in household ways, had never built a fire or roasted a piece of beef in her life, and it is not necessary to explain the nature of her distractions. The tale of her ambitions, failures, struggles with servants, etc., affords many a good laugh and a moral which requires no further emphasis. Incidentally the author pays her respects to mistresses who dismiss their maids with misleading recommendations.

The Boston Cooking School Cook-Book, by Fannie Merritt Farmer. pp. 648. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

A revised, enlarged and illustrated edition of a standard cook-book which is already widely popular. It now contains 2,117 recipes besides a large amount of general information.

FICTION

The Very Small Person, by Annie Hamilton Donnell. pp. 193. Harper & Bros. \$1.25. Readers of Rebecca Mary will turn with genuine interest and expectation to these short stories. They mainly deal with the experiences of neglected and love-hungry little children in getting acquainted with their fathers and mothers. Mrs. Donnell's vein of sentiment is in its own field altogether delightful. The stories are, of course, for older readers. The illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green suit the sentiment of the stories and have their own special charm.

Katrina, by Roy Rolfe Gibson. pp. 316. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.

An odd, bewitching story about a friendship between a cynical middle-aged newspaper man and a little girl. She is a big girl when the tale ends, with a lover threatening the peaceful idyl. There is a vein of pathetic romance through it all and yet the book is full of fun, just the right kind to read aloud. It is beautifully illustrated and should be popular for the holidays.

The Dragon Painter, by Mary McNeil Fenollosa. pp. 262. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

The Painting Guilds of Japan afford the motive for this unusual story. The last of such a guild of painters, with only a daughter in his own family, desires to adopt a young man to carry on the name and tradition of the school. The discovery and taming of a wild mountain genius, who alone in Japan seems capable of equaling the father's work, makes the thread of the story. There are pretty, realistic pictures of Japanese life and thought and the sentiment, though rather overwrought at times, holds the reader's attention.

The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard, by John Bennett. pp. 370. Century Co. \$1.50.

This story of the unraveling of a cipher and the consequent finding of a hidden treasure, which restores wealth to a Southern family ruined by the war, is told with considerable power and freshness and has an attractive young girl for its heroine.

The Man in the Case, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. pp. 266. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50. Events which might occur in the life of a woman are here woven into a tragic tale of rather morbid self-sacrifice, the mystery of which is kept up till the end of the book. One of the most pathetic parts of the story is the affection of the serving woman for her mistress.

HUMOR

The Gentleman Ragman, by Wilbur Nesbit. pp. 312. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

What would not the thoughtful among us give for that impossible thing, the autobiography of an American boy! Mr. Nesbit, by insight, sympathy and humor has come as near it, perhaps, as we can ever expect to attain in this tale of adventure, love and war in the narrow limits of an inland town, told by a boy from his own point of view. The atmosphere of the country newspaper office and the eccentricities of a rural neighborhood are drawn with keen appreciation and as little exaggeration as is possible with a view to the intended effect. Lovers of fun must be sure not to miss the story. Although written for the delectation of their elders, it will also delight the boys.

Seeing France with Uncle John, by Anne Warner. pp. 322. Century Co. \$1.50.

This amusing burlesque concerns itself with adventure and especially the manners of American tourists abroad. Uncle John is a stout and selfish person who has two nieces in tow and considers himself their watchdog against lovers. He is readily and amusingly hoodwinked, and the young people have jolly times in spite of him. Such story as there is, is told partly in letters and partly in the reported meditations and conversations of Uncle John.

Dissertations by Mr. Dooley, by Finley Peter Dunn. pp. 313. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

Mr. Dooley needs no introduction to American readers. These Dissertations are in his best style and deal with matters of current history or immediate interest, as well as with the ever-recurring questions of manners and morals in a way to stir laughter but also to induce thought.

Beastly Rhymes, by Burges Johnson. pp. 71. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.00 net. Mr. Johnson's unusual gift of humorous verse shows well in this collection. He has secured an able illustrator in Mr. E. Warde Blaisdell. The lines are among the best nonsense verses of our time and the pictures match them admirably. The book is a laugh insurer whether in solitude or in congenial company.

Animal Serials, by E. Warde Blaisdell. pp. 210. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.00 net.

Amusing pictures in which the experiences of human life are satirized. The drawings are clever.

The Cynic's Rules of Conduct, by Chester Field, Jr. pp. 97.

The Cynic's Dictionary, by Harry Thompson. pp. 95. Henry Altman Co., Philadelphia. Each 50 cents.

Successful satire of current folly. Those who like to see themselves and their time in the mirror of wit will find a number of laughs and some reproofs in these two little books.

Their First Formal Call, by Grace MacGowan Cooke. pp. 35. Harper & Bros.

Many a grown-up boy will mingle a sigh of sympathy with his chuckles over this tale. With imagination fired by Hints and Helps to Young Men in Business and Social Relations, two boys attempt to make a society call on the girl with whom they are accustomed to throw stones, run races or quarrel vigorously. Their agonies from shyness, from o'er clean collars, from misunderstanding on the part of the lady's family and derision from the servants, are exceedingly funny. Peter Newell's pictures emphasize the ludicrous situations.

Verbeck's Book of Bears. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Verbeck's contributions to the amusement of the world make him a real public benefactor. His bears are funnier than ever this year. The number of good laughs to be found in *What Happened to the Italy Man*, to say nothing of others in the series, are almost innumerable.

Other Books Received

FIRST YEAR ENGLISH FOR HIGH SCHOOLS, by Emogene S. Simons. pp. 207. Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cents.

THE WONDER CHILDREN, by Charles J. Bellamy. pp. 321. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

BRENDA'S WARD, by Helen Leah Reed. pp. 340. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

BOY BLUE AND HIS FRIENDS, by Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell. pp. 165. Little, Brown & Co. 60 cents.

ESTER RIED'S NAMESAKE, by Pansy. pp. 429. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.50.

TRAIL AND TRADING POST, by Edward Stratemeyer. pp. 311. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. \$1.25.

AN EXPRESS OF '76, by Lindley Murray Hubbard. pp. 340. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED, by Emma Gellibrand. pp. 96. F. H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.

BETTY BAIRD, by Anna Hamlin Welkel. pp. 279. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

PAUL THE APOSTLE, by Edward H. Hall. pp. 203. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50 net.



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From *Seeing France
with Uncle John*

The Children's Corner

THERE is no room for the ? mark this week, for we have our usual Thanksgiving report from Mr. Martin about the Corner Cot and its new occupant and a general acknowledgment of the contributions of the year for the support of Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador.

MR. MARTIN'S LETTER

"At this season we have always had something to tell about Pomiuk and his hospital cot, since 1895, when first the story was told of Dr. Grenfell's finding the dying cripple-boy on the Nachvak beach. The amount of your gifts has been \$133 27, mostly in small contributions. Three have been specially interesting: one of five dollars from a Massachusetts Sunday school class, in memory of one of its boys who had died during the year; one of twenty-five dollars from a missionary lady in Turkey, once one of our Corner girls here at home; the third of same amount from a little girl in a suburb of Boston, who with her young friends had held a little fair in the interest of the 'Gabriel Pomiuk Memorial Cot.' Fifty dollars of this sum goes for a similar purpose to the new hospital in the Straits of Belle Isle, where Dr. Hare, with great energy and zeal is carrying on the same blessed work in the westernmost part of 'Dr. Grenfell's parish'—'up to the west'ard,' we used to call it in the long ago time!

"And now comes a most interesting letter from Dr. Grenfell ['Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George,' by grace of the King of England] about a new occupant of the Corner Cot, the picture of whom came some time ago [And is reproduced herewith.—P. P.]. I know that you will be glad to see

DR. GRENFELL'S LETTER

... Our latest addition for the Corner Cot is from Davis Inlet, near the old Moravian station of Zoar. His name is Noah, a derelict Eskimo boy, his mother alive but destitute; child almost naked and half starved; from nine to twelve years old, and as like Pomiuk as two pins in a bundle; he reminds me of him in every way, including the merry laugh. He came to me on the Strathcona at Ukasiksalik [I think that is it, but another k or two can be put in if needed], at the instigation of the Hudson Bay agent, a nice Christian man.

Noah came with two large running sores in the left chest, the whole of the base of the lung collapsed. . . . He was the picture of destitute misery. I cut his hair and poulticed it—scrubbed, washed and scraped him. You should have seen that bag of bones in my bath full of hot water! I had no clothing to fit him, and we had him wrapped up any way till I came to Hopedale, where the wife of an Eskimo let me have the "kossack" [the long frock of Labrador men, of very heavy cloth or sealskin] and other garments of her ten-year-old boy. While we were at anchor we got some stuff from the Moravian store and made him an excellent pair of trousers. [You ought to see the doctor's pen-and-ink picture of his workmanship, labeled "Room to grow"!]

We couldn't well operate on him till we got to Battle, but the boy was A 1. He occasionally cried, but it was because he couldn't speak one word of English, and no one but myself could speak to him, and my Eskimo is limited. However I had the loan of a book (English-Eskimo) from Hopedale, published for the relief searchers for Sir John Franklin. This was full of such expressions as, "Have you

seen any missing ships," etc., not quite relevant to Noah's immediate wants. You will ask if he was a heathen. Well, am I? Are you? He had no theology anyhow. He didn't pray, and did not understand our devotions. I couldn't talk to him well enough to ask him what he believed! But he has not done any naughty acts yet, and is very good and cheerful. I have taught him to sing "Takpanele" [Pomiuk's favorite song, "Up in heaven"], and he has the same plaintive voice and pretty manners of Pomiuk. He draws very well also, and when we give him a pencil and paper he draws ships and Eskimos and doctors galore.

He is very affectionate and comes and throws himself around one's neck when we get to Battle; indeed he loves the Strathcona better than anything else, and if missing when we are at Battle he will be found stowed away in one of the men's bunks aft. [Of course the Strathcona would be a happy ark for poor Noah, and the hospital hillside at Battle a veritable Ararat!] They are all very fond of him and he divides his affection between me



NOAH

The New Occupant of the Corner Cot, Battle Harbor, Labrador

and the deck hands. I operated at the Battle hospital, removing part of two ribs. He is now greatly better, I suppose as well as he ever will be, but of course a wee bit lopsided. [Picture!] He runs about everywhere, laughing.

We got through that great gale all right, thank God. But we saw six poor schooners go. One big fellow capsized right alongside of us and we saw the crew crawl out on the bottom, and yet were absolutely powerless to lend a hand. We had a still nearer squeak last week. I ran on a reef at full speed in a dense fog, off Shecatia Bay, on your old rocky section of shore. But we got off without a leak, and have had some good tossings since, so she must be more or less sound. The new Harrington hospital is a noble looking building, but it can't be opened till spring. I called at Bonne Esperance to leave letters. The skipper was down at Salmon Bay (right on your old ground!) found house empty and fat duck on the table, so I left the letters and walked off with the duck. Good-By. God bless you. W. T. G.

"Isn't that a beautiful letter from our dear doctor? And what a touching story of the new "Pomiuk"! I know what you and your Cornerers will say—just what we said eleven years ago today about Pomiuk: "He belongs to us—let us take care of him!" Under the hospital in-

fluences and with God's blessing, he may become a "Gabriel" too.

"I am sure that you, Mr. Peter, will take the gifts of any, if more convenient to send when writing to you, than to me at Andover, but they ought to make names and addresses plain, so as to get a receipt. I wish to add this in answer to frequent questions about pictures and sweaters and Christmas gifts for the hospital folks, that Miss E. E. White, at the Congregational Library, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, looks after all such supplies. Aukshenai!"

"P. S. And now Mr. Peter says I can have room to say a word about our Southern Corner-cotter, "Little Clara." We kept her in the hospital till the summer vacation (at \$5 the week), and when the very hot season came and the family were sick in their city home, they went into the mountains (at \$1 the week!), where they got great good. This is the letter Clara wrote—Won't D. F. print it just as she printed it?

[DECATUR GA]

My DEAR FRIEND,

I, AM, AT HOME. I, LIKE, THE, HOSPITAL, VERY. MUCH BUT, I, LIKE, TO, BE, WITH MAMA, THE, BEST. I AM GLAD TO HAVE YOU FOR A FRIEND. THANK ALL THE LITTLE CORNERERS FOR ME, AND TELL THEM THAT I ENJOY ALL THE LITTLE LETTERS, AND PAPER DOLLS. THEY SEND ME

your LITTLE FRIEND
Clara

"The mother writes that she may now keep Clara at home, where she can have more open air—if she could only have a quart of milk a day! Perhaps I do not understand the "Cornerers," but I am rather inclined to think that if Georgia will furnish the open air, we will furnish the milk, and so have sent her in advance one hundred nickels, which I suppose will buy one hundred quarts—is that all right?"

MR. MARTIN.

I am glad Mr. Martin sent the nickels, instead of the milk, for if we sent the milk I'm afraid it would spoil. But I need not ask the Cornerers what it is that can be changed into milk, either in Andover or Georgia.

THANKSGIVING

And now I am reminded of the boy who when he came inside his grandmother's house on the last Wednesday in November gave one delighted sniff and said, "I smell pie." Thanksgiving is coming with good things to eat and better thoughts to think. Of course we Cornerers do not expect everything to come our way. We might be too busy to be thankful if it did, like the fly that fell into the honey pot. And the *thankyouable* things do not all go down red lane. I wish I could have that pie the little boy smelled, though, of course, I should need his nose to enjoy it as much as he did. But I think I shall propose to all the members of the Corner circle that we give thanks this year because we have young hearts like Mr. Martin. Some of us cannot get young stomachs again, but young hearts are for any one who will follow our Lord's prescription [Matt. 22: 37-40].

PETER PAGE.



A Story of a Woman Who Quit and Began Again

By HELEN B. SMITH

It was Friday evening in East Fairport, and the weekly prayer meeting was in progress. The usual handful of the faithful were gathered and the familiar prayers and remarks were heard. It was all very much of a sameness with the prayer meetings which had gone before and which would come after; but such is the sameness of the sun and the dew which bleach the cloth submitted to their influence.

A ripple of interest stirred the meeting as Miss Esther Beaman rose in her place, for she was a woman of consequence in East Fairport, and just now an object of special interest. The minister had greeted her at the door with a hearty, "It takes more than a fire to keep you from evening meeting, doesn't it, Miss Esther?" and her answer, "I thought I'd come once more," had somehow lingered in his mind, so that now he looked at her face with new interest. It was a face intended by nature to be gentle and kindly, but marked by lines of pain or sorrow.

"My voice has often been heard in this place," she began, quietly, "but this is probably the last time. I am not going away"—answering the looks of interrogation—"but I've changed my views about some things. All my life has been passed in this town, and my walk and conversation is known to you. I ask any of you if I have been found lacking as friend or neighbor. I have helped nurse your sick, and have mourned with you for your dead, and have been ready at all times to share my substance with any in need. I have had the interests of this, my native town, at heart, and have paid promptly and cheerfully all demands upon me, and have helped gladly in various improvements. And the officers of this church can testify that I have never neglected my church dues or the calls of missions and charities at home or abroad. I say this in no spirit of boasting, but if, while serving God and my neighbors faithfully for years, he delights to deal bitterly with me, there seems but one course open. You know how my family have been taken one by one; you know of the heart-breaking sorrows which came to some of them; you know that my brother, the last of my family, met a horrible death by accident a few months ago; and now my home is destroyed, and tonight I have not where to lay my head." As nearly every door in East Fairport had opened to Miss Esther, this last was strongly figurative, but in the intense interest it passed unques-

tioned. Up to this time she had spoken calmly, but now a stronger feeling moved her. "If one of you to whom I have been a faithful friend had repaid that friendship by robbing me of all I held dear and wounding me in all possible ways, could I do less than withdraw from you? In this place I made my Christian vows, and in this place I take them back. From this time I sever myself entirely from religion and everything connected with it, and"—turning swiftly toward the minister—"I ask that my name be taken from the church roll," and she sat down, while a breath, half gasp, half sigh, passed over the room.

Then a woman's trembling voice raised the hymn, "There's a wideness in God's mercy." This was a favorite hymn of Miss Esther's, and in times past she had sung it with every fiber responding, but now it was like the patter of rain upon a rock.

She sat stiffly upright through the closing prayer, and would have gone quickly out but for the detaining hand of the neighbor with whom she was stopping. "I've got to speak with Mis' Deacon Willis about the missionary barrel. 'Twont take but a minute."

While she waited, several came up and spoke to her, but most eyed her, silently, in passing as if she were under a ban or had been stricken with mortal illness.

"I haven't seen your kitty round, to-day," said Mrs. Farmer, as they paused a moment before the ruins of Miss Esther's house, the smell of smoke still pungent in the soft spring air. "Did he get scared away by the fire?" Miss Esther was so long in replying that she essayed a word of cheer. "He'll be back again, I'll be bound. He had too good a home to stay away."

"I think Josephus is dead," said Miss Esther. "I shut him down cellar last night just before I went to watch with Phoebe Cooley." She turned to walk on, but Mrs. Farmer lingered a minute to call, "Kitty, Kitty," in that unexpected voice which the owners of lost cats know so well.

"Mr. Peters is going to begin clearing up tomorrow morning, and I've told him to push the work. I've hired the little ell tenement in the Jacobs house and shall move in Monday. I guess it will take a drum and fife to call my things together. I shan't forget how good you all were to save and house them for me."

"I kinder hoped you would stay with me till your house was ready. Mr. Farmer

and I find it real pleasant to have your company; but if you feel to be by yourself, I won't say a word."

"Thank you—there's no one I rather stay with, but it will be best for me to be alone."

That night, from Mrs. Farmer's front chamber, Miss Esther looked across the street to what had been her home; that mass of charred timbers from which rose the gaunt chimney like an arm upstretched for help, and the shrubbery which had been so delicately green, showing shriveled in the moonlight. Somewhere under that mass of wreckage Josephus was lying. At the thought she turned quickly from the window; but as she laid her head on her prayerless pillow, she said, bitterly, "It's pretty small business for the Almighty to meddle with a cat."

The next day the work of clearance went briskly forward, and in its progress the missing Josephus was found: pinned down by a timber, wild-eyed and badly singed, but with his nine lives intact. Miss Esther received him rapturously, and the words, "Thank the Lord," rose to her lips. They stopped there, but after a pause, she said stily, but politely, to some invisible presence, "Thank you."

With her customary energy, she and Josephus were soon settled in their temporary home, the furniture arranged as nearly as possible in its old order, and life resolved itself into a waiting for the new house to be finished. But that was a weary time for Miss Esther, cut off from the interests which had filled so large a place in her life! When the church bell rang it was hard to keep her feet from the accustomed way; and Friday evenings, the memory of the bare vestry and the familiar voices drew her almost beyond her power of resistance. Sometimes she flitted back and forth before the door, catching a bit of hymn or prayer. Somehow these flittings became known, and in the parsonage, the minister and his wife took counsel together.

"Leave her to herself," said the good man, in answer to a suggestion from his wife. "She is passing through a spiritual illness, but it is not unto death. Her recovery is only a question of time. 'Sever herself from religion and everything connected with it,' she can no more do it than she can sever herself from her nervous system. Let us wrap her about with our love and sympathy, but don't urge her. The Lord shows patience with her, and so must we."

This view of the case quickly perco-

lated through the parish and the members generally resumed cordial relations with her, though the avoidance of all church matters sometimes made conversation difficult. When the minister's sermons, the Woman's Board of Missions and the Ladies' Aid Society are tabooed, there isn't much left to talk about in a place like East Fairport.

The Sunday afternoons were the hardest to bear. Sunday visiting was not favored, and that had been the time when Miss Esther used to take her big Bible and solace herself with psalm and promise. The book still lay on its accustomed stand, kept carefully dusted, but never opened. One afternoon she had an uneasy fancy that the book was watching her, like a Great Eye, and, rising hastily, she shut it up in a closet. She had just put *From Carey to Livingstone* in the vacant place when Mrs. Farmer's pleasant face appeared in the open doorway.

"You are right welcome," said Miss Esther cordially. "I was feeling a little lonely this afternoon," and soon the two ladies were swaying comfortably back and forth in their rockers by the pleasant, open windows. Presently Josephus came and jumped up in Miss Esther's lap, turning round and round after the manner of his kind, and finally settling himself with his green eyes on the caller.

"He's a pretty kitty," she said, "and I'm real glad you got him again. Don't you feel to thank the Lord that his life was spared?"

"If my house hadn't burned, his life wouldn't have been in danger," replied Miss Esther, dryly.

"Have you ever found out how it caught?" asked Mrs. Farmer, evading the danger point skillfully.

"The fire broke out in the summer kitchen where there hadn't been a speck of fire for a year."

"Rats and matches, maybe."

"My matches were kept in a covered tin pail, and Josephus took care of the rats. It was probably a dispensation of Providence."

Mrs. Farmer refused to accept the challenge by saying, briskly: "I never saw a house get along slicker than yours. I see they are ready to plaster."

"Yes, I promised Mr. Peters an extra fifty dollars if he got it done before Thanksgiving, and he means to earn it."

"We are all real glad that you can build this nice new house just as you want it, and that you have the health to enjoy it for a good many years, probably. Seems as if you had lots to be thankful for."

Miss Esther did not answer at once, but she was a truthful woman, and finally said: "Yes, some things, and some to be very unthankful for. When I spoke that last evening in meeting how hard God had dealt with me, I didn't mention the thing that had been hardest to bear, for there was a woman sitting there who would have been too well pleased to hear it. I don't know why I tell you now—for I'm going to—except that I have felt drawn to you ever since you came to this town. Didn't anybody ever tell you about the time I was going to be married?"

Mrs. Farmer, who had stopped rocking, shook her head emphatically and Miss Esther continued:

"When I was nineteen, I was engaged

to a young man of this town, and expected to be married soon. My father built for us the house where you live and most of my things were ready. Then a girl with a baby face and a lying tongue made mischief between us. It doesn't matter how—it's a long story—but the engagement was broken off, and after a time he married her. They went to another city to live, and he's dead now, so she's lost him, too; but I have never forgiven Bathsheba Eaton, and I never will."

Mrs. Farmer's kind face grew sober, and after a minute she said, "Then I suppose you drop out from the Lord's Prayer the words, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'"

"I do better than that," said Miss Esther promptly. "I drop out the whole prayer."

"O!" said her caller, and relapsed into shocked silence. Suddenly she leaned forward, and spoke with marked solemnity: "Miss Esther, I've got something to tell you. I lived neighbor to the Hadleys, in Lowell, and in his last sickness I used to run in often and help her, and I watched with him the night he died. He had been lying in a stupor for hours, and Miss Hadley had laid down in the next room, for she was all wore out. Her mother was setting up with me, and she was just a saying that he would probably pass away as he was, when he opened his eyes and called, 'Esther!' real loud and clear. Miss Eaton hurried to shut the door, but his wife had heard his voice and came in. She went up to the bed and laid her hand on his, but he threw it off, and called again, 'Esther!' and that was the last word he spoke."

Miss Esther had listened quietly, and at the end made no comment; but when, a little later, Mrs. Farmer went away, she held her hand closely a moment, and suddenly bent down and kissed her cheek. Then she took Josephus on her lap and sat rocking slowly to and fro in the dark, stroking his rough back, mechanically, while a solemn gladness filled her heart. In life, her lover had been another's, but in death he had turned to her; and in that country where they neither marry or are given in marriage would he not be hers?

She resolutely put out of mind what his deathbed must have meant to that other woman, and, in the days that followed, thought of him with a chastened tenderness that took the sting from the long heartache.

The new house grew steadily toward completion, and the week before Thanksgiving Miss Esther moved in.

"I don't see how things could be any nicer," chirped Mrs. Farmer, who had run over to help her "settle." "And I see the flour barrel is at your right hand. You used to say the only fault about the old house was the left-handed flour barrel. What are you going to have on this little stand between the sitting-room windows?"

"This," said Miss Esther, laying the Family Bible on it.

Mrs. Farmer's sharp eyes had missed the book from its accustomed place, but she was a discreet woman, and now held her peace. But Mr. Farmer went to sleep, that night with a confused memory of "Miss Esthers" and "Bibles" and

"stands," and a final statement, "And it wasn't put there for nothing."

Miss Esther was up late that night, for though tired from moving, she was too excited to sleep. A letter had come to her that day which had deeply shaken her. It was written from a hospital in a neighboring city, and ran as follows:

"*Esther Beaman*: You probably feel that you have cause to hate me, and perhaps you have—even more than you know—but when you told in meeting, that night, how hard God had been with you, you little knew how much harder he had been with me. I had Joel Hadley's companionship for twenty-five years, and he was good to me; but there wasn't an hour that he didn't love you better than he did me, and I always knew it. And at the last, he turned from me—his wife—to you. Perhaps you think it has been pleasant to remember all this.

"It was not the Lord who burned your house. It was I; and I hoped at the time that you were in it, for I hated you. But he kept you out of danger and now you have a new and a better house and you have means and friends and health. In a few days I am to undergo an operation, the result of which is more than doubtful. I don't know that I feel any kinder toward you or want you to feel kindly toward me, but if, from sheer pity for one who has been the chief loser, you can forgive me, it will make death easier. I have sinned against you greatly and I have been greatly afflicted and I acknowledge the justice of it.

"BATHSHEBA."

This letter had stirred Miss Esther to the depths, but not quite to the point of forgiveness. It had opened the old wound never healed and the long, wretched years came thronging back. Why should she make this woman's death—a matter of hours—easy, when *her life* had been made hard? And suddenly she knew that it was not the wrong done her, but the spirit in which she had borne it, that had made life bitter. And Bathsheba had been the loser. Thinking of that deathbed, a wave of pity went over her heart and she said aloud, "Poor Bathsheba." And yet, could she forgive one who neither professed or asked for kindness?

So, with the battle raging in her mind, she wandered from room to room. In the parlor, she paused beside a table where stood the gift of a cousin in Boston who had wished to add something to the new house. With lively recollections of the social resources of East Fairport, his gift had taken the form of a phonograph, with a goodly supply of records, selected in accordance with Miss Esther's supposed tastes.

"I've a good mind to set the thing going," she mused. "The windows are shut and the neighbors all abed." So, carefully following the printed directions, she inserted a record and turned the crank. She felt it an uncanny proceeding in the lonely house, at that time of night, but her eyes brightened, when, after a premonitory sputtering, the cheerful strains of "How firm a foundation," fell on her ear. She tapped her foot to its stirring march time, and when it ceased, eagerly inserted another record. Then she stood spellbound while a rich, resonant voice repeated, with marvelous expression, the Twenty-third Psalm.

She did not dream that the wonderful voice belonged behind the footlights, and that the dramatic recitation of the psalm was one of the choice bits in the nightly entertainment of a gay audience. It came to her like fresh water to a thirsty soul. Her hands trembled as she adjusted a third record, and when a silvery, pleading voice began, "Our Father which art in heaven," she stood with hands tightly clasped, and tears streaming down her cheeks.

The churchgoers in a certain great city would have recognized it as the voice of one of their pulpit lights, but to Miss Esther it was a voice direct from heaven. "O!" she exclaimed, as the long Amen died away, "shall wood and brass praise Thee and Thy creatures keep silence?" And, falling on her knees, she voiced the prayer fervently, twice repeating, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

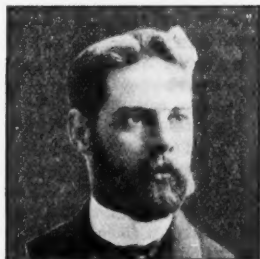
And in the morning she wrote a letter which made peaceful Bathsheba Hadley's few remaining days.

Again it was the Friday evening prayer meeting in East Fairport, and again Miss Esther Beaman rose in her place. Her words were few—just these, "The goodness of God leadeth me to repentance"; and turning to the minister she said, "If the church will receive me, I ask that my name be restored to the church roll." "It has never been removed, sister," replied the good man. And following his uplifted hand the little company rose, and broke forth:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The A. M. A.'s New Superintendent of Education

Between five and six years ago Rev. H. Paul Douglass, now by the grace of worth and the action of the Drury trustees, Dr. Douglass, came to Springfield, Mo., into a gray twilight



REV. H. PAUL DOUGLASS, PH. D.

of things Congregational. He found a city of twenty-five or thirty thousand people, Drury College and four Congregational churches, of which only the *First* had considerable strength. *Central* had recently been united with *First* and the consolidated church was to be made strong and commanding. The church had long needed a new location, a new building, a new theology and a more enthusiastic unity. The two preceding pastors, strong men who wrought well, had faced the problem for a while and gone their way.

In three years a new building, costing about \$25,000 and bearing the Douglass imprint, stood upon a new lot near the college campus, practically free from debt. Now five years and more have passed and the church has listened to new things in Bible study and theology and pondered them. A closer unity has been wrought out and the church has a stronger position and a larger power.

Dr. Douglass has not conceived of his min-

istry as being simply or chiefly that of the preacher, but of the well-rounded man touching the community helpfully at many points. In mind, character and conception of work he resembles Henry Hopkins, now president of Williams College, more than any other man of my acquaintance. Liberally educated and a student of education, he entered heartily into the life of Drury College, teaching psychology and becoming professor of philosophy. He also entered into the life of Springfield and the Congregational work of the state. He gave us the first progressive and independent course of Sunday school study, and figured upon the state Sunday school committee as both a missionary and an educational force. He was a strong factor in the State Home Missionary Society. But he still had time for friendship and to assimilate by some swift process the strong meat of the last book that was worth while.

His ministry has been evangelical and evangelistic, but he has stated the old truths in new form, colored by the specialties he taught, and his evangelism has been that of Christian nurture and religious education. Quiet and unassuming, he has also been courageous, and whether in theology, education or civic affairs his voice has been the same as when he told a Springfield mob that its sheriff was a man of putty and its police rag dolls.

Springfield may not always have agreed with him nor yet understood him; but Springfield has loved him, and as he and his gifted wife

enter the educational work in the South, for which they are so well prepared, Congregational Missouri regretfully, but heartfully bids them Godspeed.

J. P. O'B.

The Church and the Working Man

At the recent session of the Black Hills Association, meeting at Lead, S. D., there was intense interest in the discussion of the problem, *The Relation of the Church and the Working Man*. Hon. Freeman Knowles, delegated by the Trades Assembly Union, who is also the Socialist candidate for governor and editor of *The Lantern*, a Socialist paper, spoke from the point of view of the working man; and Rev. Walter H. Ashley of Deadwood from the point of view of the Church. General discussion followed. Throughout the great shops the discussion was the one theme of conversation next day. It was a splendid opportunity to speak for the Church, and Mr. Ashley rose to the occasion.

The entertaining church has just undergone extensive repairs, and one service was given to grateful dedication of the enlarged facilities to the work of the kingdom.

H. H. L.

Scottish temperance reformers are hoping to get from the present Liberal ministry legislation which will better conditions in Scotland. An eminent group of commissioners have just been in Norway studying the "samlag," or company system, and have reported back to the Scotch temperance workers favoring imitation of Norway in Scotland.



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Andover Theological Seminary

The Plan Approved by the Trustees in Case of Removal to Cambridge

The following plan has been drawn up by the trustees as in their judgment the best plan that the circumstances permit for the working of Andover Theological Seminary, in case the seminary should be removed to Cambridge. It has been framed after consultation with the authorities of Harvard University, but the parts which require their sanction have not been formally approved by the president and fellows of Harvard, nor has the plan been laid before the Harvard board of overseers. It is now published for the information of the alumni and other friends of the seminary.

BOSTON, NOV. 15, 1906.

I. HISTORY OF THE PLAN

In the spring of 1902 the trustees were considering the advisability of making some radical change in the administration of the seminary. At that time they were met by the unanimous request of the seminary faculty and by a similar request from a large body of the seminary alumni, that they should for the present maintain the seminary at Andover, with more vigor of administration but with no fundamental change in policy. It was hoped that new appointments to the faculty and staff of instructors, then just made or soon to be made, and perhaps some addition to the financial resources of the seminary, would restore the earlier prestige and usefulness of the institution. To these requests the trustees acceded, and they have since conducted the seminary in accordance with them.

The undertaking has, however, not proved satisfactory to the friends of the seminary, and in the early months of 1906 the faculty intimated to the trustees that they had reached the conclusion that it was desirable for the seminary to be removed to Cambridge and brought into a close relation with Harvard University, provided suitable arrangements could be made. Acting under this advice, the trustees made inquiry of the Harvard authorities as to what arrangements the university would make, in case the seminary were so removed. A definite reply was received from the president of the university on June 1, 1906, and in view of that reply, as well as of the obligations of the Andover trust itself as understood by the trustees, the following plan has been framed. It was accepted by the trustees on Nov. 5, 1906, as the best practicable plan, in case the seminary should be removed.

No decisive action has yet been taken by the trustees. They have provisionally expressed their concurrence with the opinion presented to them by the faculty, that the main object of the foundation would be best served by removal to Cambridge and a suitable connection with Harvard University, but before reaching a final conclusion they have asked for conference with a committee of the alumni. In response to their request a committee was appointed by the alumni on June 13, 1906.

II. EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN

Much of the plan now published will be seen to relate to the continuance of existing rights, autonomy and procedure, in part required by the legal obligations of the trust, which the trustees expressly assert their intention to maintain undiminished. In addition to those matters, the following points seem to deserve particular mention as ends which, in the opinion of the trustees, it would be important to observe in any plan for a university connection for the seminary:

1. Provision for the harmonious, economical and effective use of the educational resources of the two institutions, and for avoiding all such duplication as is needless and undesirable (See ¶ 4 and ¶ 9).

2. The opening to all Andover students of the opportunities thus enlarged and improved (¶ 5).

3. Opportunity for Andover professors to give instruction to university students. On this depends in large measure the permanent increase of attractiveness of the Andover chairs to able scholars and successful pastors. With this consideration also is connected the importance for the professors in Andover Seminary of a recognized and dignified standing within the university. Both these advantages are secured under the present plan by the proposed appointment of professors in Andover Seminary to be also Andover Professors in Harvard University. Since these will be strictly university appointments, the university authorities necessarily retain full freedom of action in making them, just as the Andover trustees and visitors retain full freedom of action with regard to all the appointments in Andover Seminary (¶ 3).

4. It is important that neither institution should by lower standards or cheaper rates be brought into competition with the other to secure students (¶ 8). If most students of theology are receiving instruction from members of both faculties, comparison of the numbers registered on the two sides will have little significance (¶ 5 and ¶ 10).

In so far as this or other elements of the plan would involve greater expense to Andover students than is now the case, a proper adjustment should and will be made by increasing the size of scholarships.

5. A suitable building is necessary to mark the permanent, distinctive, denominational character of Andover Theological Seminary, and as a center for its various activities, but it is important that all available resources should be conserved in order to make the Andover body of teaching as large and as powerful as possible (¶ 2).

III. THE TERMS OF THE PLAN

1. The organization of Andover Theological Seminary shall be maintained without change, all its trusts being executed as at present.

2. Land shall be bought in Cambridge, near the Harvard Divinity School, and a building, to be called Andover Hall, erected, which shall contain provision for the library with library workrooms and reading-room, social and alumni-room, missionary museum, seminar and lecture-rooms, offices, etc., so far as the available funds permit. It shall be fire-proof (at least in the part occupied by the library) and adequately heated and lighted.

The trustees wish to limit their present expenditure from unrestricted funds to the neighborhood of \$100,000 for land and buildings.

3. In accordance with the memorandum sent to the trustees by President Eliot, dated May 31, 1906, the five present Andover professors will be appointed to offices of instruction in Harvard University, to be designated by the title, Andover Professor in Harvard University; and future professors in Andover Theological Seminary, if approved for the Harvard appointment by the president and fellows of Harvard University, will be given the same office and title, which, however, will not carry any stipend from the university, nor give a seat in any university faculty.

4. The professors in Harvard Divinity School and the professors in Andover Theological Seminary, with the president of the university, shall together constitute a Council for Theology. The powers of this council will be advisory only; its function will be to suggest, plan and co-ordinate courses of theological instruction.

[If in the interest of more effective consolidation of the teaching forces of the two institu-

tions, it is desired to make this a university council, composed of the professors of Harvard Divinity School and the Andover professors in Harvard University—thus giving the latter a place in a university body—this plan also will be acceptable to the corporation.]

5. Courses given by professors on Harvard foundations shall, if approved for that purpose by the faculty of Andover Theological Seminary, be accepted for the Andover degree of B. D.; and courses given by the Andover professors in Harvard University will, if approved by the Harvard faculty of divinity, be accepted for the Harvard degree of B. D. In order that students primarily registered in Andover Seminary may take courses given by professors on Harvard foundations, they will be required by the general rule of the university to register also in Harvard University, in that department with which their professional purpose naturally connects them. For courses thus taken the established fees will be paid to Harvard University; and when courses given by Andover professors in Harvard University are taken by Harvard students, fees at the same rate will be paid to the trustees by the president and fellows.

6. The requirements for the Andover degree of B. D. shall be determined by the faculty of Andover Theological Seminary, subject to the consent of the trustees, and recommendations to the trustees of candidates for the degree shall proceed from the faculty of Andover Theological Seminary.

7. In both institutions the professors shall conduct the examinations in their own courses, and shall report the results to the faculty with which the students are severally registered.

8. The trustees understand and desire that the two faculties will endeavor to make and keep the standards of admission, graduation, fees and general charges, and scholarship aid equal in the two schools, so far as practicable.

9. The officers and students of the two institutions shall all have free use on equal terms of the Andover library. The university will grant a similar privilege in all the university libraries, and the Andover librarian will be made a member of the university library staff, but without stipend.

10. A separate announcement or catalogue, shall be published by Andover Theological Seminary, which, however, shall contain some statement of the relation between the two schools, of the resources, courses of instruction, etc., offered to Andover students by Harvard, and of the students not registered in Andover Seminary who receive instruction from Andover professors. It is expected that a similar statement with reference to Andover will be included in the Harvard Announcement and Catalogue.

11. Any agreement with Harvard University under this plan shall be terminable by either party with [] years' notice.

Andoveriana

Before the Andover trustees, apparently, stands the necessity of some kind of action which would look radical in England.—*Post Standard, Syracuse, N. Y.*

Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook, in his article in *The Congregationalist* of Nov. 10, was mistaken in saying that Hackney College has been removed to Cambridge. It was lately removed from the northwest to the northeast of London, where it is near to New College, another theological school.

But why does he come so far east for his desired ally? The Congregational seminary in Chicago is hard pressed. It could sell its

valuable Chicago plant, move to Urbana, get in touch with the student life of that university, and profit in all the ways President James describes. New England money and brains cannot forever be expected to capitalize the educational betterment of the Interior.—*Boston Transcript.*

It will be an impossibility to remove the seminary out of the State of Massachusetts. I am not prepared to say, offhand, whether the obstacles include a prohibitive clause in the charter, but there are funds which have been given in trust, which, were there a change of location would probably lead the heirs of the donors to demand that the funds be returned to them.—*Rev. J. G. Vose, D. D., a trustee of Andover Seminary.*

President James of the University of Illinois has sent a printed letter to the newspapers in which he invites Andover Seminary to locate within easy distance of that institution, giving reasons therefor. Here is the nub of his appeal: "New England no longer needs the Andover Theological Seminary. It has a sufficient number of such schools without it. The Mississippi Valley does need it, and needs it sorely; that is, it needs such a school as the Andover Seminary may easily become."

The Taunton Association of Congregational Ministers, thus declares the views of Andover held by that body: 1. That the ultimate rights in the administration of the seminary are the rights of the Congregational churches, though the legal control may be in the hands of the

board of trustees; and that, before any final decision respecting the future of the seminary is reached by the trustees, the opinion of the churches should be considered.

2. That steps should immediately be taken to put the seminary under the care of a board of trustees distinctly and separately its own.

3. That in time to come the seminary should include provision for a ministry for our rapidly increasing foreign population of whatever nation or race.

4. That, at least for the immediate future, the seminary should remain, independent, in its present location.

Pres. E. Lyman Hood of Atlanta Theological Seminary argues for the petition presented by the trustees of that institution that Andover furnish one or more members of its faculty as "extension lecturers," for one or more terms at Atlanta. This plan, he says, would greatly extend the usefulness of Andover, and would not imperil its finances. It might also include other institutions. President Hood writes that "three of the eight seminaries of our churches are on missionary ground, each with a large and unoccupied field. Two of these have very inadequate buildings, one of the number not a dollar of endowment. And it is also to be remembered that these are the schools which show the greatest proportionate increase in students. It is a marked feature of the present day that candidates for our ministry do not come from the larger, wealthier churches; but rather, from the smaller churches and the missionary fields."

evidences that the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," is being answered in all these places. In no part of the world, however, is it coming with such a rush as in China. Some of the statements by Mrs. E. G. Tewksbury, who was a prisoner in the palace at Peking during the siege of that city, fairly took away one's breath. She said that missionaries no longer need to spend their brain tissue in exhorting the native women to unbind their feet, for there is an imperial edict against footbinding. Nor need they clamor for educational and other reforms because the government itself takes the initiative. The Empress Dowager, whose name has been a synonym for cruelty and conservatism, is now foremost in progressive measures. She has given \$8,000 towards a hospital. The daily paper in Peking, edited and published by women only, which was described in last week's *Congregationalist*, typifies this wonderful awakening in China. Mrs. Tewksbury paid a warm tribute to Mrs. Conger, wife of the American Minister, who showed rare tact in bringing together at a series of social functions Chinese ladies of high rank and the women of the legations, with missionaries to act as interpreters. Though Kipling says that "he is a fool who attempts to hustle the East," the fact remains that greater changes have taken place in China in the last two years than in the preceding two thousand.

An interesting feature at the young ladies' session on Wednesday afternoon was the introduction by Miss Stanwood, in her own inimitable way, of ten missionaries and two student volunteers. Three of them were missionary daughters and the group represented six colleges—Smith, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr, Oberlin and Boston University. The church was packed and an overflow meeting was held in the vestry. Miss Ellen M. Stone spoke in both places and gave an inspiring message to the girls. Always an effective speaker she was at her best as she looked into those young, earnest faces. Did she have a vision of her own girlhood when she, too, was thrilled by the words of those who had seen service on the foreign field and was led to say,

Continued on page 710.

The Woman's Board in Portland

In its early days the Woman's Board of Missions always held its annual meeting in Boston immediately after the Week of Prayer in January. At the urgent request of women in Maine and other states the time was changed to November. The plea that each delegate would have to be provided with a hot water bag if she ventured into Maine in midwinter won the day, and the first November meeting was held in the Pine Tree State in 1893. Again on Wednesday and Thursday of last week the beautiful city on Casco Bay opened hospitable doors to its officers and 210 delegates, representing the twenty-four branch organizations, besides nineteen missionaries and a few student volunteers. The sessions were held in State Street Church, which was fragrant with the odor of evergreen boughs banked about the pulpit.


In these days one expects that all the details for a large gathering of this character will be well arranged in advance. But the perfection of planning at this thirty-ninth annual meeting led one of the local papers to say that "never in the history of Portland conventions has there been a meeting which moved with such precision and clock-like regularity." Mrs. John F. Thompson and Miss Jean L. Crie, at the head of the committee on entertainment and hospitality, made each guest, whether in a private home or at one of the many excellent hotels in the city, feel personally grateful for anticipating every possible need. Mrs. W. H. Fenn, in a felicitous address of welcome, reminded us that we had come to a city famed as the birthplace of Longfellow, the home of Edward Payson and Neal Dow, of Thomas B. Reed and William Pitt Fessenden. Even greater reason for pride is the fact that in the simple home of a consecrated young pastor and his wife was born that beneficent and world-wide movement known as Christian Endeavor. One of its charter members, Alice M. Kyle, now serves the board most acceptably as its field secretary. Among her associates were Mary Morrill and Annie Gould, both of whom won the martyr's crown at Pao-ting-fu in that memorable summer of 1900. So we were indeed "treading

where the saints have trod" as we walked about the streets.

Frequent and tender allusion was also made to Mrs. Judson Smith, for sixteen years president of the board, who died last February. Appropriate resolutions on her work and character were adopted at the opening session. The first vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Daniels, who is another link with Portland, presided. Here it was that she came as a young bride and charmed everybody with her "piety, power and grace." She has exceptional qualifications for the work and it was fitting that she should be elected to fill the place made vacant by Mrs. Smith's death. Several new directors, Miss Frances V. Emerson, Mrs. Albert Murdock, Mrs. E. L. McLaughlin and Mrs. F. H. Wiggin were chosen. Thus the board enters its fortieth year chastened by sorrow yet fortified with fresh forces and a new faith.

The central theme during the entire two days was Prayer and the Kingdom. In the reports by the two secretaries, Miss E. H. Stanwood and Miss Kate G. Lamson, in the deeply spiritual address by Mrs. E. L. Marsh of Waterville, in the messages from the missionaries and in all the devotional services, the vital connection between these two things was made prominent. Dr. Julia Bissell made us feel that the kingdom was being hastened most in India by means of hospitals and nurses. She took us in imagination through the wards of the new hospital in Ahmednagar and among the motley crowds of twenty different castes, in all sort of costumes, and no costumes, jostling against each other in the dispensaries, where they listen to the Bible women engaged to talk to them while waiting their turn. It was a duplicate of what Mark describes in the first chapter of his Gospel, with the scene laid in India, a land "old in grief and very wise in tears."

Miss Caroline E. Frost's story of the transformation of a Zulu family, Miss Alice H. Bushee's account of the opportunities now opening for Spanish girls in Madrid, Miss Mary E. Kinney's picture of life in ancient Bithynia and Mrs. Giles G. Brown's of changed conditions in Ceylon were further



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The Choice of the People*

By Rev. A. E. Dunning

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.

Though the cause of evil prosper, yet 'tis truth alone is strong,
And altho' it she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshroud her from all wrong.

—J. R. Lowell.

Is democracy a failure? The answer from the record of the crucifixion of the Christ is, Yes. Can the people be trusted? The answer from that record is, No. The vote of the multitude was unanimous that Jesus, who came to be their Saviour, should be crucified, and that Barabbas, who was a convicted robber and murderer, should be set free. The choice of the people was wrong. It was wrong for themselves, for their country, for truth and honor, for humanity. That now is the universal verdict of mankind. Their choice was made in full knowledge that the victim they voted to death was an innocent man, and that the man they voted to set free was guilty.

What then is the alternative if democracy is a failure? Would aristocracy be safer? The chief priests and rulers of the people were the aristocracy, and they led the mob to hound to death the innocent man and to free the guilty and dangerous man [Matt. 27: 20]. Would monarchy be preferable? Pilate as the representative of Caesar was supreme. The life of Jesus was absolutely in his hands; and after having publicly and officially declared him innocent Pilate inflicted on him the extreme penalty for the greatest of crimes. This trial of the Christ before the Roman tribunal may be made to throw fresh light on the question of the value of popular government, which is being tested in new forms in our country, and which is becoming the supreme question all over the world.

Follow the steps of the trial which ended in the verdict that Jesus must die. The sentence on him was first an ecclesiastical decision [Matt. 26: 57, 66]. The officials of the Church, not having authority to carry out their decision [John 18: 31], bound Jesus and surrendered him to Pilate [Mark 15: 1]. They asked him to confirm their verdict, but he refused to pass judgment without himself trying the case [John 18: 29-31]. Then they brought three charges [Luke 23: 2]. Pilate took up the third, that Jesus claimed the place of the emperor, and asked Jesus to answer it [Luke 23: 3]. Jesus' answer that his kingdom was not a rival of that of Caesar or any other potentate satisfied Pilate, and he therefore announced to the accusers of Jesus that he was innocent [John 18: 33-38]. This provoked them the more to clamor for his death, charging that he was working up insurrection all through the country from Galilee to Jerusalem. At the mention of Galilee it occurred to Pilate to send the prisoner to the ruler of that province, who was then in the city. Herod sent him back with the assurance that he regarded Jesus as a harmless fanatic and his pretensions to be a king as an amusing jest [Luke 23: 6-12]. At this point the selected verses of the lesson begin, showing:

1. *Pilate's argument for Jesus.* The Roman governor, in whose hands was the power of life and death, instead of pronouncing his decision that the prisoner was innocent, and therefore was set free, offered a plea in his behalf. He declared that he had investigated the threefold indictment of the priests and elders against him [v. 2] and had found it wholly unsustained, that Herod had confirmed his judgment that Jesus was wholly innocent [vs. 14, 15]. But having discovered that the accusers of Jesus sought his death not in the interest of justice but because of their personal hatred of him [Mark 15: 10], Pilate offered to gratify their malice by inflicting on the man he had declared innocent the cruel punishment of the scourge. Evidently Pilate had no comprehension of the claim of Jesus to be the Messiah of the Jews, nor sympathy with his purpose to establish a society whose members should follow him because of loyalty to the truth [John 18: 37, 38]. Like Herod Pilate looked on Jesus as a harmless fanatic. The Jews had insulted him brutally and openly and no one had defended him [Luke 22: 63-65]. Herod had repeated their insults in their presence for his pleasure and theirs [vs. 10, 11], and Pilate proposed to treat him as a criminal for their sakes and yet to save his life.

2. *The people's choice of Barabbas.* It may have been that Pilate called together the people of the Jews in addition to the priests and rulers [v. 13] that he might appeal to their sense of justice to sustain his verdict. If so, they failed him. When the priests refused to be placated by his offer to scourge their victim he

turned to the people who had already demanded of him that he should repeat the custom of setting a prisoner free at the Passover [Mark 15: 8] and proposed to release Jesus to them [John 18: 38, 39]. If he knew anything of Jesus, he must have known that he was popular with the common people, who a few days before had hailed him as their king with outbursts of joy [Luke 19: 38-38]. But like many another leader who has sought the support of the people after he had shown himself untrustworthy, Pilate found that his opponents could outwit him in making use of them. The priests had anticipated his scheme. They remembered the custom and they knew that a famous robber and murderer was in prison [Matt. 27: 16]. They had made the people ready to answer Pilate's offer by shouting for Barabbas [Matt. 27: 20] and the people shouted as their leaders desired [v. 18]. Do you ask why they did this? Why they asked to have a well known dangerous man let loose among them and to have a man crucified who had boldly championed their cause against their oppressors? It is the unanswered question asked in every age when the people, discontented under injustice whose causes they do not understand, have turned blindly away from those who would deliver them and chosen some selfish adventurer, persuaded by those who oppressed them. That is one of the perils of democracy.

3. *Pilate's surrender to the mob.* To the cries of "Crucify him," the governor had nothing to offer except to renew his proposal. But the multitude drowned his voice with their insistent demands that Jesus should be crucified. Then he weakly yielded. He first solemnly declared himself innocent of any wrong in

sentencing an innocent man to death as a criminal [Matt. 27: 24]. Then he ordered that Jesus should be both scourged as he had proposed and then crucified as the people demanded; they assumed the responsibility which he disclaimed [Matt. 27: 25] and Barabbas the murderer was set free.

This was the choice of the people and it prevailed. Was it final and irrevocable? Is there any power to appeal to when the people go wrong, when the leaders persuade them to go wrong and their rulers yield to their will? The answer to that question is the resurrection and ascension of the crucified Son of Man.

The Lone Star Association

Fort Worth was "worth" much to the Lone Star Association this year. For when, by reason of an ecclesiastical cog that slipped in the spring-time, there was no invitation for the annual meeting, Fort Worth said, "Come with us and we will do you good." We went and the good was done. We heartily enjoyed the hospitality of that thriving band of Congregationalists, mostly new born into the freedom of Christ. We admired the handsome and commodious building erected early in the year and dedicated in July. We spread ourselves through the homelike parlors and ate in the schoolroom and occupied the suite of committee rooms with which far-seeing minds have provided the congregations of the future. We heard the shouts of boys, whose presence told of the seeds of an academy (or perhaps a university!) being sown on rich Texan soil, and we took courage as we contemplated the steadfast faith and persistence of our pastor-host, Rev. G. W. Ray.

And, as the meeting progressed, other causes of thankfulness and glowing courage emerged. There were additions to our little band: four men who mean work; five churches that today seem small, widely scattered and beset by wintry storms and a forbidding environment, but whose deeds tell of vigorous life. The men were Chatfield and Holcomb of the Panhandle, Meyer and Kuhl of Palestine. The churches are all in the Panhandle, witnessing for the catholic faith amid a country whose vast prairies can surely never encourage things narrow and exclusive. A note of triumph sounded through the gatherings and Congregationalism was a word spoken not with a whisper but with a shout.

AN IMPRESSIONIST PICTURE

To readers of *The Congregationalist* I offer a series of impressions instead of a mere chronicle of events. And first, unmistakably, was the impression of simple faith. These Texans believe in the Holy Ghost. They talk about him as though they were sure of their ground. They expect to be "baptized in the Holy Ghost." Other evidence of their simplicity and directness of faith could be

Continued on page 701.

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* International Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 2. Jesus before Pilate. Text, Luke 23: 13-25.

The Lone Star Association

(Continued from page 700.)

seen in the subjects they chose for devotional purposes, "the witness of the Spirit, the water and the blood."

One's second impression was the sense of purpose which pervaded the meetings. We felt of one mind about the mission of Congregationalism in Texas. From Texline to the Louisiana coast line, whence Gonzales de Jennings had come as a fraternal delegate, we surveyed fields which Congregationalism has already begun to win. They cover an empire whose axis measures 1,200 miles.

We clasped hands with men like Larkin of Austin, treasurer of Tillotson Academy of the American Missionary Association, and we pledged ourselves to better service of the cause to which he has already given eighteen years. We heard from Donaldson, the earnest Negro preacher who has charge of the work in Dallas, himself a product of the A. M. A., and always glad to record his debt. We took in the work being done by the Women's Missionary Societies, marvelously presented by Mrs. Evan Morgan, a saint whose services are widely appreciated. We appointed her once more as mission secretary, hoping to cultivate missionary societies in every church. We planned for a state manual. A new office was created and an incumbent found when Mrs. W. E. Hinds was elected state president of young people's work.

THINGS ACCOMPLISHED

And back of all this was the determination that Texas was a fine place for freedom, for true catholicity, for a fervent gospel and a spiritual church. Hence the association was profoundly impressed with the need of a state missionary, and appointed a committee to secure such a man. We thanked God that the South has a superintendent, and especially that the man for the place has been so evidently found in Atlanta. Dr. Jenkins wrote that he has both eyes on Texas. We shall greet him here shortly. But Texas and Louisiana need a man whose whole time should be spent establishing weak things and founding strong ones within our own so broad domain. To the utmost of our power—yes, and beyond our power—we would give to such a man's support. Is he in sight?

We stretched a hand of greeting to the Methodist Protestants, of whom there are several thousands in five conferences, chiefly among rural populations. They were represented by Dr. H. H. Price of Westminster College, Texuacana, Texas, in a practical speech. Visitors were appointed to meet two of these conferences and to inspect the college, where co-operation will be welcomed. A delegate was also sent with greetings to the next Louisiana Association meeting in December. A hearty and unanimous welcome was accorded to the Southern Congregational Congress, meeting with Central Church, Dallas, next spring. It was decided to merge the semi-annual meeting of the association with that congress.

THE OTHER SIDE

One must note the touch on other than triumphal chords, when it was observed how few and how scattered our forces are; how short we are of the money needed even for a state missionary; how few pastors are of the kind who will endure heat and cold and the hardships of a long fight against local prejudices; how deep-seated seems to be the superstition that Texas is warm in summer; how rare are the men of vision who combine the seer's intelligence with practical sense in achieving the goal. Yet 1906 will go down as one more record year for Texas Congregationalism, wherein we have come more definitely to the unity of the Spirit, the bond of peace, the forward look, the denominational consciousness and the clearer apprehension of the things that make for growth. G. E.

The United Congregational Conference of Georgia

The annual meeting was held with the church of Cochran, Nov. 1-4. This is a country church at some distance from the town of Cochran. It grew out of a Sunday school established eight years ago by an earnest layman, Mr. J. J. Horne. He is still superintendent, and nothing less than sickness or a decided necessity can prevent his weekly drive of five miles to superintend this Sunday school. The church was built out of unreached material, and has transformed the surrounding region so fully that it has become famous far and near.

The delegates were hospitably entertained in the homes for the night and breakfast, while dinner and supper were served in a grove at the rear of

the church, a long table being loaded eight times with abundance of provisions from the farmhouses.

The program was of a high order. Rev. J. C. Forrester, the veteran pastor of Hoschton, was moderator, and Rev. W. H. Tillman, a graduate of the last class of Atlanta Theological Seminary and now pastor of Marietta Street Church, Atlanta, was scribe. Only one visitor came from without the state this year, but he brought much good cheer, inspiration and instruction; for it was Dr. Frank K. Sanders of the Sunday School and Publishing Society. He gave two addresses. State Missionary Brewer was on hand with his usual grasp of the situation and helpful suggestions.

Atlanta Seminary was represented by President Hood in two strong addresses and a sermon, and Piedmont College by Prof. G. S. Butler in an address and two sermons. The C. H. M. S. was represented by Rev. F. E. Jenkins, who has just assumed the superintendency of the South, combining four former superintendencies into one.

Many revivals were reported from all sections of the state. A resolution was adopted, recommending that each church hold at least one series of evangelistic services a year, and a committee was appointed to arrange for helpers for such services, and to adjust the times for the meetings so that the workers could be used to the best advantage.

Another committee was appointed to investigate the feasibility of establishing a Summer Evangelistic Bible Conference at some central point in the state, on ground to be owned by the conference, and to be provided with a tabernacle and other buildings and facilities for camping.

The Ladies' Missionary Circles of the conference voted to become a part of the Missionary Union of Florida and the Southeast, and to join the National Federation of Home Missionary Societies. Waycross, in the southern part of the state, was selected as the place for the next meeting.

Our Georgia churches, with the exception of the Central Church of Atlanta, are composed almost exclusively of native southerners. They are of the sturdy yeomanry of the South, and with the new equipment in seminary and college their large families of bright young people are bound to be heard from in the future of the state and the nation. F. E. J.

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Connecticut Congregationalists at Naugatuck

Of many things Naugatuck is justly proud. One is that this town is the single daughter of Connecticut to follow its mother in taking an Indian name. To this splendid young "rubber town" the General Conference of Connecticut made its way Nov. 13 for its fortieth annual meeting.

It is not strange that the name of Whittemore is on every tongue, for to the beneficence of this modest member of the Congregational church the place owes its castellated mountain park, also the unsurpassed high school, grammar school and furnished playground. To his credit also stands the public library, and largely so the palatial parish house and the chaste splendor of the new church, over whose entrance is carved this indelible legend: "An House of Prayer for All People."

Through these churchly corridors moves the Chesterfieldian pastor, Sherrod Soule, with the masterful spirit of a Christian gentleman and a connoisseur. To him and to his people it seemed highly worth while to entertain the messengers of the churches, and such hospitality has not been met before in all its forty years.

THINGS SAID

The current of discussion was unified and lifted to a high level by the general topic, The Church and the Truth. Rev. Messrs. John DePen, H. K. Job and A. D. Leavitt, gave keen treatment respectively to the topics, The Church Responsible for Truth, The Church and Scientific Truth, and The Church and Expanding Truth. The church might as well stake its future on a throw of dice, as upon any specific form of statement. Do not think that when the gargoyles are being removed from the temple of faith, the foundations are thereby endangered. No discovery is complete until it is wrought out in action (King); and it is only the working church, putting its theories to the test that can be assured and trusted. All truth is scientific truth, and its conflict with religion has been exaggerated. Every truth is by its nature expanding, and the Church general and popular is the vehicle in which truth has expanded. In this position it must realize the responsibility of its office. The discussion has been carried over from the field of dogma to the field of experience. The forms of expression must expand accordingly, while freer rein is given to the religion of experience.

Knowledge of truth by revelation, by experience and by inner light formed the theme for another session under the stimulating leadership of Rev. Messrs. A. J. Lord, H. J. Wyckoff and M. L. Burton. The three ways are in reality inseparable, unless one believes more in the veil than in the rays which penetrate it. Knowledge is revealed to those who have eyes to see it, in nature, in history and in personality. Not the experience of one so much as the collective experience of the race gives assured knowledge, such as has been wrought out in connection with the union of church and state, with missions, with revivals and with the institutional church. Experience keeps a dear school, but by hard knocks and sorrow and shame the church learns what life is. It is by the inner light that we come into real possession of truth. Revelation and experience mean for us just what we interpret them to mean; and it is by an inner light that it grips the soul. Look, therefore, that the light that is in thee be not darkness.

A notable contribution was the lecture by Principal Arthur D. Call of Hartford, on The Ethical Factor in Education, in which the uncertainty of educators whether or not ethics can be taught was shown, and a strong position was taken that it can be, both directly and indirectly; moreover, that it is the central thing in true education.

A climax was reached on the second evening in the churchly service and the powerful sermon of Dr. W. L. Phillips on The Truth the

Church Has to Preach, which is, that Jesus is himself the truth about life.

The conference held one session as the Missionary Society of Connecticut, into which came some foregleams of a needed readjustment of vision and force, so as to care for the old stock, the commuter, the rural parish, the foreigner and the work of the new national society.

President Mackenzie set forth the opportunities and dangers of unity with the two sister denominations on a higher and farther-reaching plane than it is commonly conceived. The advantage to all concerned in the complementary strengthening of needy parts was put very strongly. Both in the paper and in the discussion appeared the necessity of moving slowly enough to let adjustments take place. But pre eminently it is the leading of the Spirit that must determine all.

THINGS DONE

While the conference is proverbially a non-legislative body, it passed some resolutions of great importance—none more so than that approving the plan of apportioning the missionary budget of the denomination. It has been announced that the advisory committee provided for by the National Council, and made up of representatives of the several societies, has reached an agreement upon a plan of apportioning to each society a percentage of the total of gifts, and to each state its share in the raising of that total; and that this plan is soon to be given to the public. On this information it was resolved that the General Conference of Connecticut approves of the plan, and lays upon its missionary committee the task of further apportioning a fair share of the state budget to be raised by each church, taking into account its benevolences for the last three years, its home expenses, its membership and all other facts entering into the problem; this in consultation with representative members of each local conference.

Another forward step was the passage of a resolution authorizing the directors of the Connecticut Missionary Society to employ a state missionary at a salary sufficient to secure an efficient man.

Continued on page 703.

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MRS. A. S. HOWERTON, Montreat, N. C.

Connecticut Congregationalists at Naugatuck

[Continued from page 702.]

Among other resolutions passed by the conference were those requesting the general assembly to withdraw the right to solemnize marriage from licentiate ministers, to provide for the strengthening and enforcement of the present corrupt practices act in connection with caucuses and elections, to provide for a direct primaries act, and to limit liquor licenses to one for each thousand of the population. A representative with limited but sufficient power of action was elected to confer with like representatives of other denominations in the state, with a view to establishing a federation of churches along lines similar to that already formed in Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

CO-OPERATIVE EVANGELISM

The committee on pastoral service reported, in addition to its former work of correspondence with churches and ministers, a plan of promoting co-operative evangelistic work carried out last year. A list of one hundred volunteers for such service was published, and twenty or thirty cases are known in which one minister helped another for three days or more, and many more for shorter periods. From those who thus worked, such testimonies as this come: "As to results we cannot measure them yet, but two ministers have come heart to heart in a supreme effort to win men to Christ. It is better than a course in theology. It is the real thing. Tell the pastors who have not tried it to yoke up with some kindred soul and strive for results. Evangelism by pastors is possible." It is all the better and more fruitful for being not official but fraternal. The committee added a recommendation that groups of neighboring churches should co-operate.

About 250 accredited delegates were in attendance, and the meeting was counted one of the very best ever held. Judge Munger of Ansonia was the efficient moderator. The next meeting will be with Park Church, Norwich.

W. J. M.

A Border Anniversary

The Stanstead South Church in Rock Island, Que., about one hundred yards from the International boundary line, celebrated its ninetieth birthday, Oct. 28, 29. The church was formally organized in 1816, but the first Congregational sermon ever preached in what are now the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, was delivered in Stanstead in the year 1796. The celebrating church is therefore the oldest Congregational organization in these two provinces. Its pastor is Rev. William R. Harvey, who graduated from the Canadian Congregational College in 1905, after six years' service as an ordained man in the Canadian ministry. Dr. R. C. Flagg of Newport, Vt., and Rev. G. Ellery Read of Sherbrooke, Que., were the preachers. The Methodist and Universalist churches withdrew their services and entered heartily into the joyousness of the occasion. One of the most pleasing features of the celebration was the communion service in which Congregationalists were joined by Methodists, Presbyterians, Universalists and even Roman Catholics.

On Monday supper was served to about 250 guests. A platform meeting which followed was attended by a congregation which taxed the capacity of the edifice. Congratulatory speeches were made by various clergymen of the community and great enthusiasm prevailed.

The church represents the two nations, its members in about equal numbers owning allegiance to President Roosevelt and King Edward, respectively. It has been a great promoter of ecclesiastical toleration and international good will throughout its history. In the War of 1812 its people remained united in the closest bonds of brotherly love. Its first constitution recognized the fraternity of Congregational churches and declared itself willing to be governed by advice. From the beginning its confession of faith was simply the Apostles' Creed, while its covenant was also of the simplest kind. For the past seventeen years, under the pastorates of Rev. Messrs. G. H. Duclap, now of East Concord, N. H., G. Ellery Read and W. R. Harvey, it has known continuous prosperity.

B.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Death of Rev. F. E. Dewhurst

Very unexpectedly, Tuesday morning, Nov. 13, Rev. Mr. Dewhurst, pastor of the University Congregational Church, Chicago, passed away. He had been out of his pulpit but two Sundays, and it was supposed that he was regaining his health. A severe cold prevented his going to Princeton University to preach as he had anticipated Sunday, Nov. 4, but during the week following he seemed to be recovering. Sunday, Nov. 11, a favorable report of his health was made to the congregation. A sudden change for the worse carried him away. He probably never fully recovered from a severe illness of last year, although he thought himself well. He returned from his vacation full of hope and eager for his work.

As a preacher he was thoughtful and chaste in his style and unusually attractive to cultured people. Few men could have filled the important place in the University Church so successfully as he. As a pastor he was untiring in his efforts for his people, and as a friend he had few superiors. Modest in his appearance, unpretending in his scholarship, apparently never thinking of himself, he was yet recognized by those best fitted to judge as one of the best preachers in the city. Last year he was one of the preachers at Princeton. He enjoyed to the fullest the confidence, respect and love of his brethren, who will feel his loss keenly. His church has prospered under his ministry and was gradually growing into great strength. He leaves a widow, four daughters and a wide circle of friends.

Mr. Dewhurst began his ministry as a Baptist. One of his charges was at Wellesley Hills, Mass. Thence he went to the Indepen-

dent Church, Indianapolis, and from thence came to Chicago. Rich in culture, eminently thoughtful, deeply spiritual, a true friend, he will be sincerely mourned by large numbers.

The funeral was held in the University Church, Nov. 15. Rev. Willard Thorp offered prayer. Professor Tolman for the church



REV. F. E. DEWHURST

spoke of the way Mr. Dewhurst has endeared himself to his people during a ministry which would have lasted seven years Jan. 1, 1907. Professor Small of the university gave reminiscences of his early student days at Colby University and of impressions formed through intimate relations since his graduation, and Rev. C. F. Carter of Lexington, Mass., spoke as a friend who was bound to him with the

tender affection of David for Jonathan. The music, wholly instrumental, was exquisite. The burial was at Mystic, Ct. FRANKLIN.

Sunday School Baseball

A unique feature in Sunday school work is the Sunday School Baseball League of Lincoln, Neb. About twenty schools, including four Congregational ones, formed a league to interest and hold the young men in Sunday school during the summer.

Each school furnished a senior and junior team and the managers arranged a series of weekly games. The conditions of membership were that the players should be members and regular attendants of their respective schools; that they should pledge themselves not to play ball on Sunday, nor to use profane language at the games. Cigarette smoking also was forbidden. Violation of these conditions cost one his membership in the team and his school the game.

The result was gratifying. In one section of the city Sunday playing was given up. All schools had a much larger average attendance during the summer. Best of all, the boys learned that they could play a clean game, be Christian in their deportment and ardent in their sport. There was a decided uplifting of moral standards. The season closed with a fine banquet participated in by several hundred—young men, teachers, superintendents and pastors interested in the league.

It is decided to keep up the league, with stricter conditions as to membership, and to arrange for a series of games next summer.

M. A. B.

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In and Around Boston

School for Christian Workers

The Y. M. C. A. will inaugurate next month, at its building on Boylston Street, an evening school for training laymen in Christian service. It is especially intended for Sunday school superintendents, teachers, pastors' assistants, mission workers and leaders of young people's meetings. The advisory board, of which Rev. Dr. W. H. Allbright is chairman, consists of professors in several theological schools, pastors of leading Protestant denominations and officers of the Boston Y. M. C. A. Four courses are offered for the first year: Biblical, pedagogical, sociological and historical. Experienced teachers have been secured for each of these courses. Information will be given on application to Mr. J. E. Smiley, 458 Boylston Street. We note that a Lay Speaker's Training Class, with a similar, though less extensive plan, has lately been opened by the London Congregational Union, which offers to students the additional attraction of refreshments in the hour before the exercises begin.

Historic Events

It is now a year and a half since Dr. Davis, the beloved pastor of Elliot Church, Newton, passed away. For several months before his death, Rev. F. B. Hatch had been acting as pastor and has done so acceptably ever since. It has been a difficult task to find a permanent successor to Dr. Davis acceptable to all the members of this large church. But at last the committee have unanimously recommended Rev. H. Grant Person, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and the unanimous vote of the church, Nov. 16, was confirmed by the action of the parish last Monday night. Our readers will learn further about Mr. Person when his acceptance of the call is announced.

Union Church, at the South End, has rounded out ten years of faithful service by its pastor, Dr. Loomis, with results the more valuable because achieved in a community which during that time has been steadily changing from one of homes owned by permanent residents to one of boarding and lodging houses filled with a procession of transients. But among these are multitudes of students and employees in shops and stores and young men and women at the period when they most need helpful Christian influences. The work of this honored church has been efficiently done by the pastor and his wife, his assistant and a loyal company of members who appreciate the opportunities of this large field. During the decade \$135,000 have been raised, of which \$43,000 were given in benevolence. The anniversary was celebrated last Sunday by a review of the ten years in the morning and by evening services in which Rev. Messrs. P. B. Davis, W. R. Campbell and A. E. Dunning took part, with an inspiring and worshipful musical program.

People around Beacon Hill were reminded in a new way of the passing of time at four o'clock last Saturday afternoon by the striking of the hour from the belfry of Park Street Church. This is a welcome announcement that this church has resumed its historic place in the life of the city, and a fitting advertisement that business is being done for the kingdom on the old corner.

President Day on Ministerial Leadership

A large number of ministers gathered in Pilgrim Hall last Monday to hear the president of Andover Seminary on the above topic. He said in part:

The great need of the age is for brainy, disciplined, resourceful, creative leadership. The best fulfillment of the entrustment of funds to secure the higher standards of leadership seems to be the university alliance. Among influences favoring such an alliance are these: The rising appreciation of a university as such; intellectual and ethical sincerity; in-

tellectual friction; the high stimulus which opportunity presents to consecration; provision for the widest and deepest range of study and for work in special departments; the influence of consecrated groups of men; opportunities through university extension. It is participation in a great intellectual and religious life that is sought.

The speaker proceeded to explain why he thought an alliance with Harvard University would best secure these advantages. While it was evident that not all his listeners were of the same mind on the subject, his address was received with cordial appreciation.

Biographical

SAMUEL MILLS DAY

A pastorate of over thirty-four years, crowned by ten years as pastor *emeritus*, ended with the death of Rev. S. Mills Day at Honeoye, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1906. A graduate of Union College and Auburn Seminary, he had brief pastorates at Hammondsport, N. Y., and at Havana, N. Y., but his crowning work was done as pastor in the village of Honeoye, by the lake among the hills. His father, Rev. Warren Day, had been pastor in the same town

from 1816 to 1828, and again from 1845 to 1849. Beginning his pastorate there in 1862, the son found a church of sixteen members, which had grown to 202 when he resigned in 1896. Several church organizations in the town were by his tact and wisdom united into one strong central church, which is today the best monument to his memory. He was laid to rest among the people to whom he had given his life of service.

N. W. BATES.

PROFESSOR HOPPIN

Prof. James Mason Hoppin, one of the oldest of the members of the faculty of Yale University, died at his home on Hillhouse Avenue, New Haven, Nov. 15. He was born in Providence, R. I., in 1820; graduated from Yale in the Class of 1840, from Harvard Law School in 1842; studied theology at Union and Andover Seminaries and the University of Berlin. He was pastor of Crombie Street Congregational Church, Salem, Mass., 1850-59. Since that time he has been associated with Yale as professor of homiletics in the Divinity School, pastor of the college church, professor of the history of art, and since 1899 as professor *emeritus*. He was the author of several books of theology, art, travel and literature. He was a writer with scholarly and attractive style, of wide and varied learning, while as a man he had a charming personality which won many friends and kept to the end those who survived.

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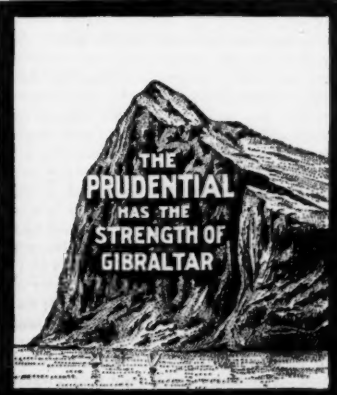
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From Congregational to Presbyterian

The First Congregational Church of Ridgway, Pa., Rev. Perry W. Sinks, pastor, recently voted to disband in order that its members might be organized as a Presbyterian church. A council called to advise the church concerning this action met Nov. 8, composed of the following churches, Ebensburg, Kane, Meadville, Williamsport; also Sec. C. H. Richards of the Church Building Society and Sec. Washington Choate of the Home Missionary Society. The result of the council, which was unanimously adopted, answers such important questions concerning the title to property held in trust for denominational church purposes that it is herewith printed in full:

The council called by the First Congrega-

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TELLS WHAT THE GREAT WEST NEEDS.—It is amazing to note the business opportunities in the great states of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming and other of the Western states. The Union Pacific Railroad has issued a book called "Business Opportunities and Other Important Information," which shows the commercial needs of the 466 towns in the above-mentioned states. They are all prosperous towns and undoubtedly offer exceptional opportunities to the young man with push and a little money to invest. These are the places in which to start in business for one's self on a small scale and grow with the town and surrounding country. This Union Pacific book tells what each town needs and would support. It may be another laundry, mill, elevator, or a hundred other kinds of business concerns. Any young man with common business sense can make his living very easily in this country, and a good living at that, with small capital to start. The Union Pacific Passenger representatives all over the country are being flooded with requests for this book, but that's to be expected—Americans were ever wide-awake to opportunity.

tional Church of Ridgway, Pa., to advise the church regarding its proposed dissolution, in order that its members may constitute a Presbyterian church, recall with profound interest the fruitful history of the church for more than a quarter of a century; its growth to a membership of about three hundred, its devotion and success, its large influence in the community and denomination, and its generous gifts through our missionary societies to benevolent work; and the splendid property it has acquired, and all this under the Congregational polity. It has learned with surprise and deep sorrow of the desire of a large number of its members to change from the Congregational to the Presbyterian fellowship; we note that this action was expressed by a vote of but ninety members out of a total resident membership of two hundred and forty-eight, and that a number of those so voting expressed a preference to remain as Congregationalists. We regret that this council was not called two months earlier, when its advice might have been of more service to the church. If, however, it is the fixed determination of the majority to withdraw from our denomination, we bid them Godspeed and wish them abundant success in our sister denomination. We trust the change, if made, will be accomplished with the utmost possible harmony.

We can but express our feeling that after full inquiry made of the members of the church, we can discover no adequate reason for the proposed change, and hope that the action of the church may be reconsidered.

We recall the fact that the church building, erected in 1882, was built by contributions of devoted men and women, given for the express purpose of a Congregational church, which therefore became a trust to be administered for the denomination to which it belonged; and that the law expressly provides that this money must not be diverted from the purpose for which it was given; so that any minority of the church may remain, be recognized as the church, and retain control of the property. We would strongly advise against a dissolution of the church unless some provision is made to safeguard this money, given expressly for Congregational uses, to the denomination which the majority prefer to leave.

We would recommend that all controversy over this matter be avoided by the agreement of those wishing to become Presbyterian that an equitable sum, to be agreed upon between the majority and minority, and not less than one-half of the cost of the present church, be paid into the treasury of the Congregational Church Building Society, to be put into Congregational church building in Pennsylvania, and possibly in aid of some church in Ridgway, thus conserving the interest of the donors. And in case this is done we would advise the minority to assent to the dissolution of the church, and the transfer of the property to the new organization. By such agreement and action, the moral obligation resting upon this church by its distinctive Congregational inheritance will be recognized, and in a measure, met to the donors and the denomination.

C. THURSTON CHASE, Moderator.
NEWMAN MATTHEWS, Scribe.

MR. GEORGE GOULD OF WELLESLEY, who for the past thirty-two years has served the Boston Seaman's Friend Society as treasurer, has felt obliged by increasing cares to resign his office and the board of directors have very reluctantly accepted his resignation. In parting with Mr. Gould the directors have placed upon their records the following testimonial:

Mr. George Gould, Dear Sir: The board of directors of the Boston Seaman's Friend Society learn with deep regret that your decision to retire from the office of treasurer is final and they therefore reluctantly consent to your withdrawal from the office. In severing this relation which has continued so pleasantly and harmoniously for the past thirty-two years, they wish to place upon record their high appreciation of the careful, thorough and sagacious manner in which you have attended to even the minutest detail, as well as the larger matters connected with the finances of the society during all these years.

They also desire to pay their respects to the estimable qualities of mind and heart which have endeared you to each member of the board and they trust you will long remain a member of the board thereby continuing to render invaluable service to the cause we represent.

Mr. C. F. Stratton, who has been the recording secretary for the past twenty years, has been elected to fill the vacancy and has assumed the duties of treasurer.

TO WASH VELVETEEN.—Velveteen may be washed by shaking it about in warm Ivory Soap suds, then rinse thoroughly and let it drip dry. On no account squeeze or wring it. Be careful to hang it straight on the line, for otherwise it will be crooked when dry.

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Temperance

A national movement against intemperance is making encouraging progress in Mexico. The governor of the state of Chihuahua is at its head, and he is ably supported by other government officials. The movement includes instruction in the public schools on the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks and the punishment by law of drunkards. The best people of this country have increasing reasons for cultivating friendly relations with our prosperous and progressive neighbor on our Southern border.

Meetings and Events to Come

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING, Pilgrim Hall, Boston, Monday, Nov. 26, 10.30 A. M. Speaker, Mr. Edwin D. Mead. Topic, The United States and the United World.

MINNEAPOLIS MINISTERS' MEETING, Plymouth Church, Dec. 3, 10.30 A. M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL CLASS, Dr. W. T. McElveen, leader, Lorimer Hall, Tremont Temple, Saturdays, 2.30 P. M.

MISSISSIPPI STATE MEETING, Meridian, Dec. 14-16.

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

CLAYTON-ANDREWS—In Williamstown, Mass., Nov. 13, Rev. Francis T. Clayton and Miss Mabel J. Andrews.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

HARRIS—In Saratoga, N. Y., Nov. 7, Rev. Thomas J. Harris, recently pastor of the church in Eagle River, Wis., aged 56 yrs. A native of Wales, he came to America in 1878, graduated at Bangor Seminary and served churches in South Hero, Hinesburg and Ferrisburg, Vt., prior to his call to Eagle River. Since last June his health has been precarious and he removed to Saratoga in the hope of prolonging his life.

SAWIN—In Troy, N. Y., Nov. 13, Rev. Theophilus P. Sawin, D. D., pastor emeritus of the First Presbyterian Church, which he had served nearly twenty years. His father, who bore the same name, was a prominent Congregational minister. The son was ordained to the Congregational ministry in 1871, and was pastor of Congregational churches at Racine and Janesville, Wis., and over Mystic of Medford, Mass.

SUMNER—In Hartford, Ct., Nov. 8, Juliette C. Bishop Sumner, widow of William Sumner, aged 75 yrs.

JAMES B. LAWRIE

By his death the church at Newbury, Vt., loses a devoted member, a wise counselor and a man of winning kindness toward every one. Born at Dunfermline, Scotland, and educated there, he came to Boston in 1849, at the age of twenty, and engaged in business.

In 1866 he married Miss Chamberlain of Newbury, purchased a large farm and spent the rest of his life there. Long a member of the church, he made its interests his own, gave to it freely of his means; his sound business judgment was ever at its service, and he had been for several years its efficient clerk. His benevolences were many, and his life exemplary. He died Oct. 4, in his seventy-eighth year, leaving a widow, a daughter and a grandson. He is also survived by a sister, who lives in London, and by a brother in Boston.

Mr. Lawrie was one of a long succession of faithful men who, during nearly a century and a half, have upheld this ancient church.

F. P. W.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. LUCIA WARDSWORTH GRISWOLD MERRILL
Aug. 10, 1813—Nov. 7, 1906

How seldom we realize our ideal of old age—as symbolized by the radiant sunset, the calm of evening time—but to what an unusual degree did Mrs. Merrill fulfill that ideal! How remarkably were her mental powers preserved, her interest in current affairs, her sympathy with the young! What a benediction was her cheerful, benignant face!

Well might peace be the crowning grace of a life filled through ninety-three years with Christian faith and service.

Mrs. Merrill was born in Fryeburg, Me., Aug. 10, 1813. In 1839 she became the wife of Rev. James H. Merrill, who was that year installed pastor of the Congregational church in Montague, Mass. Here her children were born, four of whom survive her. In 1856 Mr. Merrill became pastor of the West Parish Church, where he remained for twenty-three years.

Of these twenty-three years in the toils incumbent on the wife of a pastor in a country parish we cannot now speak in detail, but how many former parishioners "arise up and call her blessed"! What an example to them all was her patient continuance in well-doing, her unshrinking obedience to duty, her care for the sick and needy, her loving-kindness to all!

Her good service was not confined to West Parish. During the Civil War she spent much time in work with the Ladies' Aid Society, and was for awhile its president.

For over twenty-five years she has lived on Andover Hill, and now, after so many years of seed-sowing and harvest among us, she has entered the celestial mansion her Saviour prepared for her. Long may her memory bless and inspire those who "a little longer wait" our summons.

S. E. J.



Have You A Cold Room?

In most houses there is a room without proper heating facilities—to say nothing of chilly hallways. Even though the heat of your stoves or furnace should be inadequate to warm the whole house there need not be one cold spot if you have a

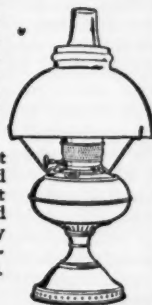
PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

It will heat a room in no time and will keep it warm and cozy. Operated as easily as a lamp and perfectly safe. Wick cannot be turned too high or too low. Gives no smoke or smell because fitted with unique smokeless device. Can be carried about, which cannot be done with an ordinary stove. The Perfection Oil Heater is superior to all other oil heaters and is an ornament to any home. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. Every heater warranted. If not at your dealer's write nearest agency for descriptive circular.

THE Rayo Lamp is the safest and best all-round household lamp. Made of brass throughout and nickel-plated. Equipped with latest improved burner. Every lamp warranted. An ornament to any room whether library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Write to nearest agency if not at your dealer's.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK



Wants

Notices under this heading, not exceeding five lines (eight words to the line), cost subscribers fifty cents each insertion. Additional lines ten cents each per insertion.

Wanted, a second hand set of Hastings' Bible Dictionary. Address A. L., 47, care The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

Wanted, a man for the department of science and mathematics in Bridgton Academy. Salary \$650. Address the Principal, Elmer F. Newell, No. Bridgton, Me.

Wanted, Second-handed church bell, weight from five hundred to one thousand pounds. Send description of bell and terms to Box 165, Kiverhead, Suffolk County, N. Y.

Auditors and accountants wanted to fill positions paying \$1,000-\$5,000; write today and state position desired; offices in 12 cities. Hapgoods, 305 Broadway, New York.

Wanted. Any church contemplating the purchase of new carpets can learn something to their advantage by addressing Purchaser, 47, care The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

Office Men wanted for responsible firms. Book-keeper \$35. Clerk \$15. Stenographer \$18. Other openings on file. Write for list and plan. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, New York.

Wanted. Any person or persons contemplating the installation of new furnaces or ranges in their churches or homes, the best of advice can be given free by addressing Ranges, 47, care The Congregationalist, Boston.

Wanted. A small fruit and poultry farm on high ground in or near some pleasant village in southwestern Connecticut. State full particulars, lowest cash price and photo of buildings. Claybrook, South Natick, Mass.

Wanted, the name and address of any parties who would be interested in a tour to the West Indies. Interesting information will be sent to those contemplating such a trip, free of charge. Address Tours, 47, care The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

Wanted, by a young man, a position as traveling companion for a party of three or four ladies or gentlemen who contemplate a trip to Egypt and the Holy Land this winter. Accompanied a party of two last winter through France, Italy, Egypt and Palestine. Charles D. Sherman, 210 Orchard Street, New Haven, Ct.

It will serve the interest of all concerned if, in correspondence suggested by announcements in our ADVERTISING COLUMNS, mention is made of the fact that the advertisement was seen in The Congregationalist.

Wants

Bought and Sold. New International Americana, Britannica, Century Encyclopedias, Stoddard's Lectures, Beacon Lights, People's Bible, Larned, Hastings, etc., bought and sold. Book Exchange, Derby, Ct.

Wanted, 50 or more good quality, second-hand copies of "Carmina Sanctorum" with "Bible Readings" included in the same binding. Address Clerk, Congregational Church, Three Oaks, Mich.

Fresh Eggs. A pen of my white Wyandotte pullets would furnish you with plenty of fresh eggs this winter, be an ornament to your place and a delight to the children. Prices on application. Edgar Warren, Hampton, N. H.

Wanted, ministers and others to obtain members for tourist parties to Holy Land this winter and to Europe next spring and summer. Both free tours and cash commission given. Rev. George F. Nason, Wilmington, Del.

Congregationalists Wanted to spend a comfortable, healthful winter. Beautiful forest; delightful seashore; climate of sunshine; charming community; no saloons but churches, schools and clean environment. Write Rev. J. H. Goodell, Pacific Grove, Cal. This is not a money scheme.

A Minister, under 37, with record for congregation-gathering and money raising, desires to correspond with pulpits supply committee where a building or debt-paying campaign is contemplated. Prefers larger centers. Address "Permanent," 49, care The Congregationalist, Boston, Mass.

Congregational Families and Individuals are invited to join a Christian Colony on a tract of 200,000 acres—partly in New Mexico and Government Lands on which a farm of 160 acres can be secured free for small filing fee; partly Private Lands in the Panhandle of Texas and for sale cheap—of richest soil, equal to the garden spots of Illinois and Iowa in agricultural productivity, ample rainfall, water purest and in abundance at small depth, climate ideally health-giving and sustaining, special relief here for weak lungs and disordered stomachs. Tract on R. R. and town site located on each with rare business openings. Arrangements are now being made to take a company on Dec. 4 and 18, and on the First and Third Tuesday of each month in 1907. The sooner you act the better. Nineteen Christian families recently located farms around New Mexico town site. For full particulars address the Protective Colonization Association—an organization just formed, non-sectarian with a membership of 190 from all the leading denominations in the Southwest. (Rev.) H. S. Wannamaker, secretary, Vermilion, O.

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES. 4 Ashburton Pl., Boston; 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y.; Washington; Chicago; Minneapolis; San Francisco; Los Angeles. Manual Free. EVERETT O. FISK & Co.

The Chandler Legacy

The full text of the decision of the Supreme Court of Maine in the case of the legacy of Solomon B. Chandler seems to justify the action of the Board in contesting the will although the decision was adverse to its claim. Mr. Chandler's will giving his entire estate to the American Board was made in 1897, and was in substance a repetition of one or more previous wills of the same purport, indicating a long cherished purpose. In May 1902, on the petition of the municipal officers of New Gloucester, the town of which Mr. Chandler was a resident, setting forth that he was of unsound mind and because of mental incapacity incompetent to manage his own estate, a guardian was appointed by the court, who at once took possession of all his property and managed it till his death in the following year, and also a keeper was appointed to care for him.

Some months subsequent to the legal decision that he was incompetent to hold and care for his own property he signed a codicil to his latest will bequeathing half of his estate to the widow and children of his deceased brother. The Board felt in duty bound to secure the judgment of the court as to whether the codicil, drawn while the testator was under guardianship as a person incompetent by reason of mental infirmity and unsound mind, truly represented his deliberate purpose. This was done without any desire to deprive the heirs named in the codicil of a share in the estate, but as a duty to discharge of the trust committed to the Board by the will of Mr. Chandler.

The court by its decision allowed the codicil to stand on the grounds that according to the law of the State of Maine a person medically of unsound mind may at the same time be legally sane and competent, and that the evidence shows that Mr. Chandler, though under guardianship and partially incapacitated at the time the codicil was executed, acted in a manner true to his instinct that it was just and right that he should give a part of his estate to his next of kin, and that under the legal principles established by the court "he was of sound and disposing mind."

The estate amounts to something over \$900,000 and the Board will receive about \$450,000.

Church and Ministerial Record

Calls

BLOMQUIST, CHAS. F., Pataha City, Wn., to Foss-
ton, Minn. Accepts.
BRONSDON, ALLEN A., Trinity Ch., N. Attleboro,
Mass., to Shirley. Accepts, to begin Dec. 11.
BURGESS, HUBERT F., Second Ch., Oakland, Cal., to
Sunnyside, Wn. Accepts.



Girls who are
studying hard
or growing
fast need
something to give
them strength.

**Scott's
Emulsion**
makes rich blood,
fat and nerve
force. It keeps
a girl alert, active,
vigorous and
beautiful.

ALL DRUGGISTS:
50c. AND \$1.00.

CHARNOCK, GEO. A., San José, Cal., to Alturas.
Accepts.
DAVIS, CHAS. H., Somersville, Ct., to Hollis, N. H.
Accepts, to begin Jan. 1.
FROST, LEWIS C., Harrison, Mich., to Standish.
Accepts.
GILL, CHAS. O., W. Lebanon, N. H., accepts call to
Hartland, Vt.
GIMBLETT, WM. H., Cooperstown, N. D., to Plym-
outh Ch., Fargo.
KNODELL, JAS. R., Everett, Wn., to Richmond Ch.,
San Francisco, Cal.
MATTHEWS, RUBERT B., Newcastle, Me., accepts
call to Ellsworth.
MCDUGALL, G. L., to Lyonsville, Ill., in connection
with work at Chicago Sem. Accepts.
MCKOON, HOSMER, Yale Sem., accepts call to Bris-
tol, N. Y.
MITCHELL, FRANK, Wakonda, S. D., to Vander-
bilt, Mich. Accepts.
MOTT, H. J., to Grant, Neb., which he has been
supplying. Church assumes self-support.
PAISLEY, JOHN O., Holbrook, Mass., accepts call
to Melrose Highlands.
PERSON, H. GRANT, Presbyterian Ch., Seneca
Falls, N. Y., to Eliot Ch., Newton, Mass.
PIERCE, J. W., Barrie, Ont., to Brigham, Que.
PRESCOTT, H. A., to Lisbon, N. Y. Accepts.
RONALD, WM. B., Hartford Sem., to Saugus, Mass.
Accepts.
ROWE, JAS., Randolph, Wis., to Oto, Io.; also to
Berwick.
SCHERMEHORN, PETER, Troy, Mich., to Ceresco
and Fredonia. Accepts.
SMITH, OSCAR S. (Meth.), Francess town, N. H., to
Maplewood Ch., Malden, Mass. Accepts.
STACKMAN, CARL, New Haven, Ct., late field sec-
retary of So. African C. E. Union, to Cheshire.
Accepts.
TAFT, JAY N., Summer Hill, N. Y., to First Ch.,
Elizabeth, N. J.
VITTUM, EDMUND M., Grinnell, Io., to presidency
of Fargo Coll. Accepts, to begin Jan. 1.
WILLIAMS, WM. J., to Meth. Prot. church at Cor-
inth, O. Accepts, in connection with his work at
Gustavus and Johnsonville.
WINN, FRED E., N. Bridgton, Me., to Redlands, Cal.
Accepts.

Ordinations and Installations

AUSTIN, LEON H., & Roslindale Ch., Boston, Mass.,
Nov. 14. Sermon, Prof. A. E. Merriam; other
parts, Rev. Messrs. H. A. Barker, H. N. Hoyt,
A. H. Plumb, Edw. Norton, R. B. Grover (a
former pastor), F. W. Merrick and W. H. All-
bright.
BARSTOW, JOHN, & Lee, Mass., Nov. 13. Sermon,
Rev. G. S. Mills; other parts, Rev. Messrs. W. W.
Curtis, C. J. Potter, G. W. Andrews, R. De W.
Mallory, M. N. Reed, L. D. Bliss, W. V. W. Davis
and O. E. Maurer. A covenant, read responsively
by pastor and people, was an interesting feature.
BRYANT, ALBERT G., Oberlin Sem., o. Harvey,
N. D., Nov. 8. Sermon, Supt. G. J. Powell;
other parts, Rev. Messrs. Rob't Paton, E. S.
Shaw, F. C. Bliss, K. K. Clark and E. H. Stickney.
FORBUSH, WM. BYRON, & Woodward Ave. Ch.,
Detroit, Mich., Nov. 13. Sermon, Rev. G. G.
Atkins; other parts, Rev. Messrs. Thos. Kent,
H. N. Dascomb, M. H. Wallace and C. S. Patton.
IMRIE, A. B., o. Johannesburg, Mich., Nov. 8.
Sermon, Rev. J. W. Sutherland; other parts, Rev.
Messrs. W. C. Allen, J. L. Donovan, J. T. Husted
and Wm. Ewing.
REHM, HENRY C., Oberlin Sem., o. Anamoose,
N. D., Nov. 9. Sermon, Supt. E. H. Stickney;
other parts, Rev. Messrs. F. C. Bliss, A. G. Bryant,
E. S. Shaw and Supt. G. J. Powell.
ROLLINS, WALTER H., & First Ch., Waterloo, Io.,
Oct. 18. Sermon, Rev. F. W. Hodgdon. Other
parts, Rev. Messrs. Ephraim Adams, W. J. Min-
chin, J. E. Snowden, Wilson Denney, G. L. Cady,
C. H. Seecombe and Frederick Elliott.

Resignations

ARMES, A. HERBERT, Carlisle, Mass., after eight
years' service.
BANDY, PAUL S., Alturas, Cal.
DAVIS, CHAS. H., Somersville, Ct., after a five-year
pastorate.
FROST, LEWIS C., Harrison, Mich.
HOFSTEAD, HARRY O., Sanford, Me. Takes up
evangelistic work.
PAISLEY, JOHN O., Holbrook, Mass.
STACEY, W. HERALD, Parkdale Ch., Toronto, Ont.
STOKES, WM. T., Mt. Sinai, N. Y.
TALMADGE, ELLIOT F., secretaryship of Connect-
icut Sunday School Ass'n.
WOODSUM, WALTER H., Hampstead, N. H., to take
effect Feb. 28, 1907, after nearly five years' service.

Stated Supplies

CURTIS, ETHAN, recently of Olean, N. Y., at Niagara
Sq. Ch., Buffalo, for the winter.
FATE, FRANCIS A., formerly of Taunton, Mass., at
Emmanuel Ch., Montreal, P. Q., during the ab-
sence of Rev. Hugh Pedley in Europe.
OLESON, WM. B., Groton, Mass., at First Ch., Hol-
yoke, during absence of Rev. G. W. Winch.

Continued on page 709.

Are You Getting 5% On Your Money

Learn the facts regarding the non-speculative busi-
ness of the Industrial Savings and Loan Company,
which has been established over thirteen years, and
during all this time has never paid less than

5% per year on savings accounts

Earnings reckoned for every day your money is in
our care—no matter when received or when with-
drawn. Always subject to your control. Earnings
remitted quarterly, semi-annually, by check, or com-
pounded as desired.

Assets \$1,750,000



Under New York Banking Department Supervision

Let us send you full particu-
lars, which will show you how
we have paid others 5% on
their savings and are able to
pay 5% on yours.

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
12 Times Building, Broadway,
New York

AMERICAN GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY.

A quarterly dividend (No. 36) of ONE AND ONE-
QUARTER PER CENT. on the Common Capital Stock
of the American Graphophone Co. will be paid on Dec.
15, 1906, to stockholders of record Dec. 1.
By order of the Directors.

EDWARD D. EASTON, President.

JAMAICA



THE UNITED FRUIT CO.

Announce THREE SPECIAL TRIPS to

Jamaica

and Return, including all
Necessary Expenses

\$85 to \$100 Duration, 19 Days

Upon the magnificent Admiral steamer, thus
giving the tourist or the city-weary an excep-
tional opportunity to visit the Gem of the West
Indies under ideal conditions.

SAILING DATES:

Lv. BOSTON Dec. 12-19-26, at 10 a.m.
RATE, \$100.

Lv. PHILA. Dec. 13-20-27, at 10 a.m.
RATE, \$100.

Lv. BALTIMORE on ships of the Line
Dec. 12-19. RATE, \$85.

ITINERARY.—Leave Boston,
Philadelphia or Baltimore on dates
specified above, Port Antonio (stop-
ping at Hotel Titchfield), with drives
to Annota Bay, Castleton Gardens,
Kingston (stopping at Constant Spring
or Myrtle Bank Hotel), Morant Bay
and Bowden, returning to Boston or
Philadelphia.

While at Port Antonio side trips covering
Windsor, Burlington, Swift River, Blue Hole,
and a rafting trip on river Rio Grande have
been arranged for.

Regular Service.—The fleet of Admiral
steamers also maintain a regular service, leav-
ing Boston and Philadelphia each week.

We will send free "A Happy Month in
Jamaica," a beautifully illustrated book, also
"The Golden Caribbean," our monthly pa-
per, giving valuable information to the traveler.

Address local tourist agents, or
UNITED FRUIT CO.
F. S. JOPP, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
Long Wharf, Boston.



A Man Owes It to His Family

to save, so that when a rainy day comes, or unexpected trials or troubles, he will have a nestegg.

Many today are attempting to invest their savings in schemes or stocks that offer big dividends, but which soon prove worthless.

You may deposit your savings with us with the assurance that you will receive annually 4% interest. You may draw money out at your will and pleasure.

Over 9,000 depositors, having a total deposit account of over \$6,500,000, are entrusting their savings with us in this manner.

No matter where you are, we would like to open an account with you.

Send for our "Banking by Mail" booklet. It will give you full particulars as to our standing and our methods.

Slater Trust Company

Established 1855. Pawtucket, R. I.
Please mention *Congregationalist* when writing.

SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS

Sample card containing 12 pens, different patterns, sent to any address upon receipt of six cents in postage.
Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York

"The 20th Century Limited"

Fastest Long Distance Train
in the World

960 MILES IN 18 HOURS

VIA THE



"America's Greatest Railroad"

This magnificent train is equipped with Pullman cars of the very latest design and has all the special features which have made the New York Central service so deservedly popular. Barber, Fresh and Salt Water Baths, Valet, Ladies' Maid, Manicure, Stock and Market Reports, Telephone, Stenographer, etc.
A dozen other fast trains between.

NEW YORK, BOSTON,
AND
BUFFALO, DETROIT, CLEVELAND,
COLUMBUS, CINCINNATI,
INDIANAPOLIS,
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS,
the West and Southwest.

C. F. DALY,
Passenger Traffic Manager, New York.

Church and Ministerial Record

[Continued from page 708.]

Personals

BREED, DWIGHT P., general missionary for Iowa, is holding successive home missionary rallies with the churches of Sioux Association.

BULLOCK, Dr. MOTIER A., provide an interesting HANFORD, Supt. SAM'L I., department of Congregational news in every Monday issue of the *Lincoln State Journal*, for which service the State Association at its recent meeting passed a vote of thanks.

CARPENTER, CHAS. M., on retiring from the pastorate at Oxford, Mass., received from the Y. P. S. C. E. a purse of money, a leather bound book containing the names of the members, with a letter of appreciation for his labors in behalf of the society.

FRIZZELL, JOHN W., goes from Sioux City, Io., to Athens, Tex., for only a temporary sojourn, to benefit Mrs. Frizzell's health. While there he will be secretary of the Square Deal Realty Co., and will develop a peach orchard.

GURNEY, HENRY E., has been granted leave of absence by his church in Cortland, N. Y., and presented with a purse of more than \$400 with which to take an ocean voyage. The church will furnish supplies during his absence.

LEWIS, EDWIN J., pastor at Plymouth, Ct., has been on crutches for ten weeks, owing to a torn ligament received in a local tennis tournament. For five Sundays he has preached, sitting in a chair below and in front of pulpit.

TAINTOR, AUGUSTA, widow of Dr. Chas. H. Taintor, late secretary of the C. C. B. S., has become assistant field secretary to Dr. Chas. H. Richards, present secretary of that society.

TEMPLE, WM. H. G., of Boston, Seattle and Cleveland successively, can be addressed in care of the American Board, Congregational House, Boston. For the present, however, he will minister to the church at Yarmouth, N. S.

WOODCOCK, HARRY E., a graduate of Oberlin College in 1845 and Oberlin Seminary in 1848, celebrated his 90th birthday Nov. 6. Father Woodcock is a member of the Southwest Tabernacle Church, Kansas City, Mo., where he spoke fifteen minutes on Sunday, Nov. 4. He is full of vigor and is a constant attendant of the Ministers' Meeting and other Congregational gatherings in the city.

Churches Organized

FAIRVIEW, Ky., opposite Riverside, Cincinnati, O., 11 Nov., 8 members and 48 in Sunday school. Mr. Cecil H. Plummer, licensed preacher, in charge.

Anniversaries

WASHINGTON, D. C., Mt. Pleasant, Rev. M. R. Fishburn. Twentieth, observed Nov. 4, with anniversary sermon by the pastor, addresses by Prof. C. S. Clark, Prof. W. M. Hays and other prominent laymen; and with a reception the following Friday, when Drs. Newman of Washington, James of Baltimore, Jones of Philadelphia and Clark of New York made addresses.

Suggestive Features and Methods

ADAMS, MASS., Rev. J. S. Voorhees, observes the first Sabbath in November annually as Reunion Sunday, to commemorate the ingathering three years ago of over 130 members, the largest in its history. This year Dr. W. T. McElveen of Shawmut Church, Boston, whose service to the pastorless church at that time helped many into the "radiant life," sent each of the converts an encouraging letter, exhorting them to constancy and reminding them of their destiny, to become like God. The church sends carriages for any who could not otherwise attend.

BOSTON, MASS., Boylston, Rev. H. A. Barker. Athletic Association, which merges the baseball club, bowling team, men's gymnasium class, also the athletic activities of the Mendell Brotherhood and Young Men's Class.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Prospect St., Rev. C. E. Beals. Pastor's class for young men is studying Rev. Chas. E. Brown's Social Message of the Modern Pulpit.

NORFOLK, NEB.—Ladies' Aid had charge of dry goods section of a department store for two days recently, receiving a percentage of all their sales.

SANATIVE SHAVING.

A New Method Which Makes Shaving a Pleasure to Men with Tender Skins.

Cuticura Soap (Medicinal and Toilet) is a luxury for shaving. It possesses in a modified form all the emollient sanative and antiseptic properties of Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, while supplying a firm, moist, non-drying, creamy and fragrant lather. This up-to-date method of shaving dispenses with the shaving mug, prevents irritation and inflammation of the skin and hair glands, is most agreeable and comforting, and makes frequent shaving a pleasure rather than a discomfort. Full directions wrapped around each cake of soap.

Lamp-chimneys with my name on them live to a ripe old age unless an unusual accident happens to them. They never break from heat.

They give the best light, too, because they fit and are made of tough glass, clear as crystal.

Let me send you my Index to Lamp-Chimneys. It's free.

Address, MACBETH, Pittsburgh.



J. S. Waterman & Sons

Incorporated
FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS
and **EMBALMERS**
3326 and 3328 Washington St.
Adjoining Dudley Street Terminal.
All modern improvements under one roof, including offices, salesrooms, morgue, dressing rooms and chapel. Tel. Roxbury 73 or 74.

BELLS.

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells. Send for Catalogue. The C. S. BELL CO., Hillsboro, O.



Golden State Limited to California

The time spent on this royal train en route to the Golden State is ever so short, delightful and interesting.

There is something new to see in every mile—there is a pleasure in every minute.

The Golden State Limited is equipped entirely new this season. Drawing-room and Compartment Pullmans, Buffet-Library-Observation Car and new Mission-style Diner. Barber, library, stock market reports by wire, magazines and daily papers.

Commencing early in December it runs daily from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco over the Southern, lowest altitude route.

Send name and address for beautiful descriptive booklet of the train.

JOHN SEBASTIAN
Passenger Traffic Manager
CHICAGO



The Woman's Board in Portland

(Continued from page 699.)

"Here am I, send me?" A covenant service led by Miss Helen B. Calder closed the impressive hour. Portland is a place where parental sacrifice in yielding a beloved daughter to become a missionary means much, and it was a privilege, the following afternoon, to see the father and mother of Annie Gould on the platform, and to hear his simple message urging us to more courage and devotion in this great work of evangelizing the world. In gifts of money, too, this city has a noble record. The treasurer, Miss Sarah L. Day, reported contributions of \$115,143 for the pledged work, the largest sum ever received for this purpose. But \$5,000 more is imperatively needed and this was secured during the week, the Portland ladies pledging the last \$1,000.

No space is left to speak of the delightful reception Wednesday evening in the spacious parlors of Williston Church nor of Rev. J. H. Denison's closing address on A Month Among Cannibals in the South Sea Islands. Not to know about missions in these days, he said, is to be "provincial and an ignoramus." These terms certainly do not apply to the attendants upon the annual meetings of the Woman's Board of Missions. The next will be held in Worcester. F. J. D.

Congregational Fund in Aid of Churches in California

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,462 27
Dorchester, Extra-cent-a-day Band, Second Church.....	5 00
Dorchester, F. B. Spokesfield.....	1 00
Chicopee, Members of Third.....	3 00
Plymouth, Church of the Pilgrimage.....	18 90
Great Barrington, Friend.....	50 00
Meriden, N. H., Woman's Miss. Soc.....	5 00
Fitchburg, Finnish.....	1 25
Amesbury, Main Street.....	12 36
Washington, D. C., E. Whittlesey.....	10 00
Mansfield, Mass.....	15 57
Pembroke, N. H.....	6 00
Atkinson, N. H.....	8 48
Amesbury, Mass, Union.....	10 00
Amherst and Aurora, Me.....	4 00
Augusta, Me., South Parish.....	32 33

Total.....\$8,645.16

SAMUEL USHER, Treasurer,
176 High Street, Boston, Mass.

RECEIVED BY THE CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY, NEW YORK

Lewis, N. Y.....	\$10 00
Atkinson, Ill.....	5 03
Token, Wis.....	1 00
Pelham, N. H.....	9 00

Total for week.....\$25.03

C. E. HOPE.

RECEIVED BY THE CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY, CHICAGO

Through W. H. M. U. of Ohio.....	\$127.52
Downs, Kan.....	4 65
Hudson, Mich., First.....	10 00
Cannon, Mich.....	2 27
Sandstone, Mich.....	3 33
St. Louis, Mo., Reber Place Church.....	8 00
Elbowoods, N. D.....	5 00
Cleveland, O., Lake View.....	3 57
Ft. Pierre, S. D.....	8.20

Total for the week.....\$172.54

W. W. NEWELL.

Copies of the printed appeal and collection envelopes will be furnished upon application to Mr. Usher.

The Germanic Museum of Harvard University is to receive from the King of Saxony a full size reproduction of the sandstone pulpit of the church of Wechelsburg, near Leipzig, one of the finest monuments of mediæval sculpture.

They are Liver Pills

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so useful for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill. We certainly do not.

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J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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The most superb service across the continent. Pullman Drawing Room and Compartment Sleeping cars, Pullman Tourist Sleeping cars, Composite Observation cars (with Library and Buffet), and perfect dining car service during the entire journey.

Sleeping cars are provided with every conceivable toilet convenience and each section and compartment in standard cars has its individual electric reading lamp.

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Two other fast through trains leave Chicago daily at 8.02 p.m. (The Overland Limited) and 11.00 p.m. (The China and Japan Fast Mail). Round-trip excursion tickets are on sale every day in the year.



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Roche's Herbal Embrocation {The Celebrated Effectual Cure Without Internal Medicine.

ALSO VERY BENEFICIAL IN CASES OF BRONCHITIS, LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM

Copy of an order received.—"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to dispatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having hooping-cough, to Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Cumberland, Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889." This order was repeated in 1894, 1899, 1903 and 1905. W. Edwards & Son, 157 Queen Victoria St., London, Eng. All Druggists or E. FOUGERA & CO., 90 Beekman St., N. Y.

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AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

JOHN H. PRAY & SONS CO.
658 WASHINGTON ST. BOSTON.

Greater New York

(The Congregationalist may be obtained in New York at the Congregational Bookstore, 156 Fifth Avenue; in Brooklyn of T. B. Ventres, 297 Fulton Street, and C. F. Halsey, Plymouth Church.)

To the Heart through the Eye

The Bushwick Avenue Church, under Rev. Dr. J. L. Clark, has joined with its two neighbors in a novel outdoor appeal to non church-goers. On the church corner stereopticon pictures are shown that illustrate great truths, which are also presented on the screen in the form of Scripture passages. This silent gospel campaign is varied only when popular hymns are put on the canvas, and the crowd joins in singing them. The Saturday night shopping crowds insure good congregations, and the gospel is presented to many who otherwise would avoid hearing it.

Dr. Clark's pastorate continues successfully. Since his coming last March he has received 124 new members, half of them on confession. Thirty were received this month. The membership has risen to 619. Prayer meetings fill the chapel, most of the attendants being active workers. Many belong to the Two and Two Society, whose members constantly visit the sick and needy, aiding at their own expense, looking for new disciples, and always under vow never to tell what they do. A Confirmation Class, especially for children whose parents were formerly Lutherans, follows courses in the Bible, Congregationalism and two catechisms for differing ages. The church visitor has organized a home department of the school with over a hundred members.

The Courage Needed by the Churches

The sixty-eight churches and chapels represented in the Manhattan-Brooklyn Conference sent their pastors and delegates to Broadway Tabernacle for the fall meeting, one of the best conferences for several years, as to attendance and program. President Bailey of Central Church introduced Secretary McCune Lindsay of the National Child Labor Committee and Rev. C. J. Allen of Beecher Memorial Church, who together gave the latest facts and their significant interpretation, in the movement regulating child labor. The apathy and opportunity of the church were clearly indicated, and the earnest appeal was appropriately followed by the Lord's Supper.

[Publisher's Department]

COFFEE IMPORTERS

Publish a Book about Coffee.

There has been much discussion as to Coffee and Postum lately, so much in fact that some of the coffee importers and roasters have taken to type to promote the sale of their wares and check if possible the rapid growth of the use of Postum Food Coffee.

In the coffee importers' book a chapter is headed Coffee as a Medicine and advocates its use as such.

Here is an admission of the truth, most important to all interested.

Every physician knows, and every thoughtful person should know, that habitual use of any "medicine" of the drug-stimulant type of coffee or whisky quickly causes irritation of the tissues and organs stimulated and finally sets up disease in the great majority of cases if persisted in. It may show in any one of the many organs of the body and in the great majority of cases can be directly traced to coffee in a most unmistakable way by leaving off the active irritant—coffee—and using Postum Food Coffee for a matter of 10 days. If the result is relief from nervous trouble, dyspepsia, bowel complaint, heart failure, weak eyes, or any other malady set up by a poisoned nervous system, you have your answer with the accuracy of a demonstration in mathematics.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

At the evening session Rev. Frederick Lynch and Prof. E. A. Steiner of Iowa College, minced neither subjects nor language in calling upon the churches and religious papers for the courage requisite to hit every sin hard, no matter who may be the sinner; and to abolish the double standard of morality which judges the sin of an individual differently from the sin of a company or a corporation.

Mr. Lynch wants a more sincere and hearty recognition of the Christianity outside the Church, and no hypocrisy in dealing either with the Negro, trusts, labor, or any other ethical question. Professor Steiner was at his best in pleading for a new ministry baptized with the courage that sacrifices all for truth and justice, and proves its creed by its continuous practice. His earnestness led him to close his appeal with an unusually tender prayer. The Tabernacle voiced its greeting through Dr. Jefferson and responded well to the tax of dining 250 guests, all of whom made a tour of the new building.

A Congregational Home for the Aged

Congregationalism has been behind other bodies in providing for its aged poor. Such homes are scarcer in Greater New York than any other form of similar philanthropy. Hundreds of dollars and several years' waiting-on-the list are as a rule required from applicants. Two or three millionaires could well turn their thoughts and check-books in this direction. The long-felt wish for such a place found formal expression at the annual rally of the Woman's Home Missionary Union, held on the same day as the conference, to which resolutions calling for a joint committee were presented by Mrs. Lyman. Dr. Waters has been made chairman. The project is practical and imperative. The funds must come! The Woman's Rally was abundantly successful, with morning and afternoon sessions. Mrs. Taintor related the romance of growing parsonages; Miss Collins, who rides a horse fifty miles easier than a New Yorker walks five blocks, gave graphic pictures drawn from thirty years among the Indians, and Mrs. Ella Boole of the Presbyterian Board threw sidelights on the aliens, whom every one is talking about, and few really know. Navajo blankets from New Mexico, and other Indian articles added to the brightness as well as profit of the meeting.

Practical Religion for Busy Men

Opportunities are steadily increasing for busy people to devote half an hour at midday to religious meditation, Bible study or methods of church work and missions. The noonday prayer meetings, of which Fulton Street and John Street are perhaps the best known, have series of lectures occasionally, and a monthly paper is published, exclusively about Prayer. Dr. Parkhurst's new church has been thronged at the half-hour service daily. The Seabury Society, consisting of laymen in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and named after Bishop Seabury, is conducting in Trinity Building a series of half-hour talks on How to teach the Bible to adults, to children, and how to teach missions, and make the whole subject interesting. Note the exact time named for the studies: 12:23 to 12:55; just enough for a quick lunch, a lecture, and return to the office.

Last Monday President Schurman of Cornell addressed an audience of men in Trinity Church on Conscience in Business. The Seabury Society is making its influence felt, and is in part responsible for the virility of the extension work of the Protestant Episcopal Church, not only in the new sections of other boroughs, but in down-town Manhattan. Its members are business and professional men who give their Sundays and leisure time as volunteers, furnishing mission-study leaders for classes, maintaining a Summer Conference and acting as lay-readers for new churches. The society is seeking to establish a Seabury Hall down town where its activities shall appeal to business men. SYDNEY.

[Publisher's Department]

Tricked by Dyspepsia

The Doctor Couldn't Tell Where The Trouble Lay.

"For the past seven years I have been a victim of dyspepsia and chronic constipation and have consulted the most noted specialists to be found on diseases of this character. None, however, seemed to locate the difficulty or give relief. In addition to this medical treatment, I have resorted to the use of many remedies and have given them faithful trial, but all to no purpose.

"Upon the recommendation of a close friend, I purchased a 50 cent package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and in less than five days noticed that I was receiving more benefit than from any remedy I had used before. I continued to use the tablets after each meal for one month and by that time my stomach was in a healthy condition, capable of digesting anything which my increasing appetite demanded.

"I have not experienced any return of my former trouble, though three months have elapsed since taking your remedy."

We wish that you could see with your own eyes the countless other bona fide signed letters from grateful men and women all over the land who had suffered years of agony with dyspepsia, tried every known remedy and consulted eminent specialists without result, until they gave Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets a trial. Like the doctor above, they couldn't locate the seat of the trouble.

Dyspepsia is a disease which has long baffled physicians. So difficult of location is the disease that cure seems next to miraculous. There is only one way to treat dyspepsia—to supply the elements which nature has ordained to perform this function and to cause them to enter the digestive organs, supplying the fluids which they lack. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets alone fill these requirements, as is shown by the fact that 40,000 physicians in the United States and Canada unite in recommending them to their patients for stomach disorders.

We do not claim or expect Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure anything but disordered conditions of the stomach and other digestive organs, but this they never fail to do. They work upon the inner lining of the stomach and intestines, stimulate the gastric glands and aid in the secretion of juices necessary to digestion.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. One box will frequently effect a perfect cure. If in doubt and wish more adequate proof, send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a sample package free. F. A. Stuart Co., 61 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

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(Formerly called **CRUTEN GRITS**)
BARLEY CRISTALS,
Perfect Breakfast and Dinner Health Cereals.
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Unlike all other goods. Ask grocers.
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IS AGREEABLE TO TAKE

is digestible, easily assimilated,
and may be taken continuously
without causing gastric disturbance.

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BEARING OUR NAME AS SOLE AGENTS.

Schiffelin & Co., New York.

New York Celebrates the Haystack

"For once in the history of the world a prayer meeting is commemorated by a monument," said Mark Hopkins when the Haystack Monument was dedicated. However true Professor Beach's criticism of the Haystack celebration at North Adams and Williamstown—that prayer and prayer meeting were not given the prominence they deserved—no such criticism could be made of the Centennial Anniversary of the Haystack Prayer Meeting held in Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, Nov. 13, 14. Both the theory and practice of prayer received due recognition. Many of the addresses were followed by strong, soul-stirring petitions.

After the introductory addresses on The Historical Significance of the Haystack Prayer Meeting, by Pres. S. B. Capen, and on Samuel J. Mills, by Rev. T. C. Richards, the predominant note of the morning sessions was Prayer and Missions. Dr. Haven of the Bible Society considered it with regard to Bible work and Dr. J. Ross Stevenson with relation to the Student Volunteer Movement. Intercessory Prayer was the theme of J. W. Wood of the Episcopal Missionary Society, while Dr. L. C. Barnes of Worcester, the Baptist historian, gave one of the noblest papers at the conference on Prayer in Relation to the Modern Missionary Enterprise, as he told of its part in beginnings of missions by the Jesuits, Moravians, Carey and the men of the Haystack.

One session was given to the modern apologetic for missions in their contributions to human welfare. The papers were notable, but the men who gave them constituted the grandest apologetic in themselves. There was President Mackenzie, himself a missionary product, speaking on The Contributions of Missions to Education; Prof. H. P. Beach, missionary statesman and teacher, on Science; Dr. J. S. Dennis, missionary author of worldwide fame, on Literature; Dr. J. I. Vance, polished orator, on Philanthropy; while Hon. H. B. F. Macfarland, public man of the finest

[Publisher's Department]

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

Lady of Fifty Looks Like Sixteen.

A Nashville lady found a way to beautify her complexion without the use of drugs or face creams.

"Before I began the use of Grape-Nuts," she writes, "I was convinced I could not live long. I was sick all the time; heart trouble, kidneys seriously affected, eyesight bad, sense of smell was gone and hearing very poor."

"My family thought I had dropsy and could not get well, and I only ate Grape-Nuts because I slept better afterwards—did not dream I could be entirely cured, had quit all treatment and given up hope."

"After spending a large sum of money, and being under the best physicians for three years without relief, I commenced eating Grape-Nuts food three times a day and now I am sound as a dollar, am in perfect health, fifty years old and my complexion is better than some girls at sixteen."

"I never have headache, nerves are strong, sight so much improved I need no glasses, heart and kidneys in perfect condition."

"Your Grape-Nuts alone cured me and I cannot find words to express my thanks to the Postum Co. I have told hundreds of people what cured me. It was simple food that I could digest."

"There's a reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

It sometimes amazes persons what damage has been done by improper eating, not knowing any better way. A change to Grape-Nuts soon tells the story. Read the famous book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

type, came all the way from Washington to defend Foreign Missions in Their International Relationships.

At Williamstown it was the eager, enthusiastic crowds which made one optimistic in regard to missions; here it was the *personnel* of the speakers. In New York the attendance was comparatively small. A Baptist secretary, asked to explain this fact, replied that New York people were too busy making money to take notice of it. The newspapers gave the scantiest notice or none at all.

The Evangelization of the World was the theme of the two evening sessions and of Wednesday afternoon. Men from the field like Zwemer of Arabia, Gale of Korea and Bissell of India pleaded passionately for their respective fields. Dr. Brown gave a statesmanlike view of Transformations in the Far East.

Men, money and methods for this world evangelization were discussed by young laymen like White and Hicks and by Drs. Rhoades and Halsey. Mrs. Montgomery was the sole representative of the women. Altogether the program was comprehensive, powerful and worthy of a larger audience, which it will get in the published proceedings.

The interdenominational character of the meeting was prophetic, and practically no reference was made to denominational work or rights in the matter. It is interesting to see how all denominations have appropriated Mills, who was so catholic in his views that when Judson and Rice became Baptists he rejoiced that, like the dissension between Paul and Barnabas, it had been the means of establishing two missions instead of one. The hero of the Haystack who "silently communed with Baptists, prayed with Methodists, loved the Moravians and praised the Friends" must have rejoiced in this comity and fellowship in the one great work of winning the world to Christ.

T. C. R.

An Iowa Installation

An installation in this part of Congregationalism is a noteworthy event. This good custom of our fathers has been neglected in their new home by the children. The children's children should be encouraged to revive it.

Last spring the vigorous and enterprising church in Waterloo, Io., called Rev. Walter H. Rollins of Wilmington, Mass. The quiet, businesslike spiritual and educational work, remarkable in its effectiveness, which Mr. Rollins had done in the face of conditions far from encouraging in a rural New England community, led the Waterloo people to feel that they had found a man who could "do things" as energetically as they must be done in a rapidly growing Western town. Waterloo is a beautiful city, full of health and promise, in the heart of a state whose men as well as its rich material resources are ministering largely to the life of our nation. Here are people who respond to the real democracy of progressive Congregationalism.

Mr. Rollins is a native of Newtonville, Mass., a graduate of Dartmouth College and Andover Seminary. Previous to his work in Wilmington he had a year in Europe and Egypt and a pastorate in Blackstone, Mass.

Coming to Waterloo last May, he saw that a new house of worship was an immediate need, but felt that he must wait. Providence decreed otherwise. A desirable location was unexpectedly thrown on the market. He thought quickly and put his plans before his people. Their quick response, their faith in his judgment, their loyalty to his lead in a matter of such consequence convinced all who knew the situation that an installation was only the logical consequence of such mutual faith and devotion. Already the old property has been disposed of and the coveted location secured.

The council examination revealed a frank, earnest, thoughtful minister whose manhood is a good deal more prominent than his professionalism—just the rugged kind of man that the churches must put into the pulpit somewhere if in the social reconstruction just before us the church is to exert moral leadership.

F. W. H.

King Edward VII. of Great Britain invested King Haakon of Norway with the Order of the Garter last week.

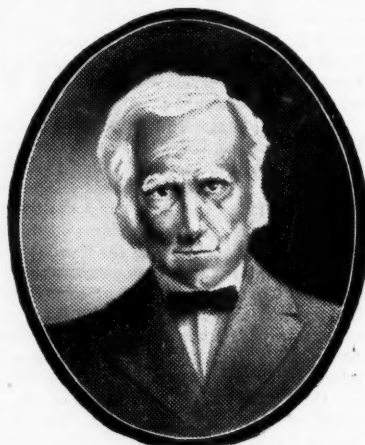
[Publisher's Department]

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Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure if you go at it right.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.



There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

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It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

If the druggist tries to sell you something just as good, it is because he makes more money on the substitute.

Insist on having what you call for.

The cure begins at once and continues rapidly until it is complete and permanent.

You can go right ahead with your work and be easy and comfortable all the time.

It is well worth trying.

Just send your name and address to Pyramid Drug Co., 66 Pyramid Building, Marshall, Mich., and receive free by return mail the trial package in a plain wrapper.

Thousands have been cured in this easy, painless and inexpensive way, in the privacy of the home.

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No doctor and his bills.

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Straightforward, personal, vital talks by Sec. Frank K. Sanders, Ph. D., D. D., in every number of *The Pilgrim Teacher* for 1907 on the background of the lessons.

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Entirely new—a department for the answering of hard questions about the Bible. A feature of the greatest value in approaching the study of the Old Testament.

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Articles by the editor of *The Christian Endeavor World*. Amos R. Wells is known to Sunday school workers the world over through his suggestive writings.

4. The Adult Bible Class Movement

Articles by experienced and successful Bible class teachers and leaders.

5. Temperance Ammunition

It will furnish to teachers a wealth of "temperance ammunition" this year from the most successful and level headed temperance statesmen in this country.

6. Margaret Slattery

More great, heart-warming, courage-inspiring story-articles by Margaret Slattery. If you want to know how to get new scholars, hold what you have, and influence them, Miss Slattery can tell you how to do it.

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The following corps of lesson writers will give you their best work for the year 1907:

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For over thirty years prominent Congregational ministers associated in the pleasant comradeship of an organization known as the Monday Club have had as their intellectual objective the production of a volume every autumn dealing with the Sunday school lessons of the coming year. Many of the sermons represent not only the individuality of the author but the frank and fearless criticism of the club members. The volume meets a distinct and important need. Price \$1.25

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2. It has fifty pages of suggestive and instructive lesson material for adult classes, containing a concise statement of the geographical, historical, and Biblical setting of the lesson, a terse exposition of the lesson and its practical application, class questions, suggestive illustrations, a department of topics for class discussion, and a department of *Oriental Research*, besides quotations, etc., from our ablest Christian workers linking the lesson with daily life.

3. It has a magazine section of a dozen or more pages devoted to articles bearing especially on adult Bible class work.

4. It has departments of *News From the Field* and *What Others are Saying and Doing*, affording an interchange of experience, methods, etc.

5. Best of all it brings the teachers and members of the small or remote school in touch with the leading successful workers of the whole world, giving them the benefit of trained minds and years of experience. Some of the contributors for the next and succeeding issues are the following:

Dr. Frank K. Sanders, Secretary of The Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.

Marshall A. Hudson, founder and President of the world-wide Baraca Movement.

George F. Zanele, Secretary of the famous Cook County adult Bible class department of Illinois.

Rev. G. Walter Fiske, founder of the Pilgrim-Fraternity for young men.

Henry F. Cope, Secretary of the Religious Education Association.

Mrs. Anna Burnham Bryant, well known to all Sunday-school workers.

Rev. John H. Chandler, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Rev. E. N. Hardy, Ph. D., Quincy, Mass.

Rev. Frank Anderson, Millville, N. J.

Rev. Henry C. Alvord (former secretary of Baraca), and many others.

64 pages. 8 cents per quarter, 30 cents a year.

THE EARLY DAYS OF ISRAEL

By Prof. Irving F. Wood and Rev. Newton M. Hall. Advanced course of lessons for the Sunday school for 1907, issued in three parts 20 cents net, postpaid; 15 cents to classes.

The International Sunday School Lessons for 1907 are in the Old Testament—from Genesis to Samuel. Many adult classes want to cover this same ground, but in a different way. "The Early Days of Israel" (in three parts) makes this possible. It is Bible study from the modern point of view and keeps in mind two objects—first, to inquire in the narrative portions what main thought the writers or compilers of these books had in mind. What lesson did they wish to teach? and second, to suggest legitimate comparisons between ancient Hebrew life and our own life today. Full of quotations, topics for discussion, and everything that could help in the actual use of the course by a class.

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International S. S. Lessons 1907



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Ask for Bell's. There are imitations, not "just as good."

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